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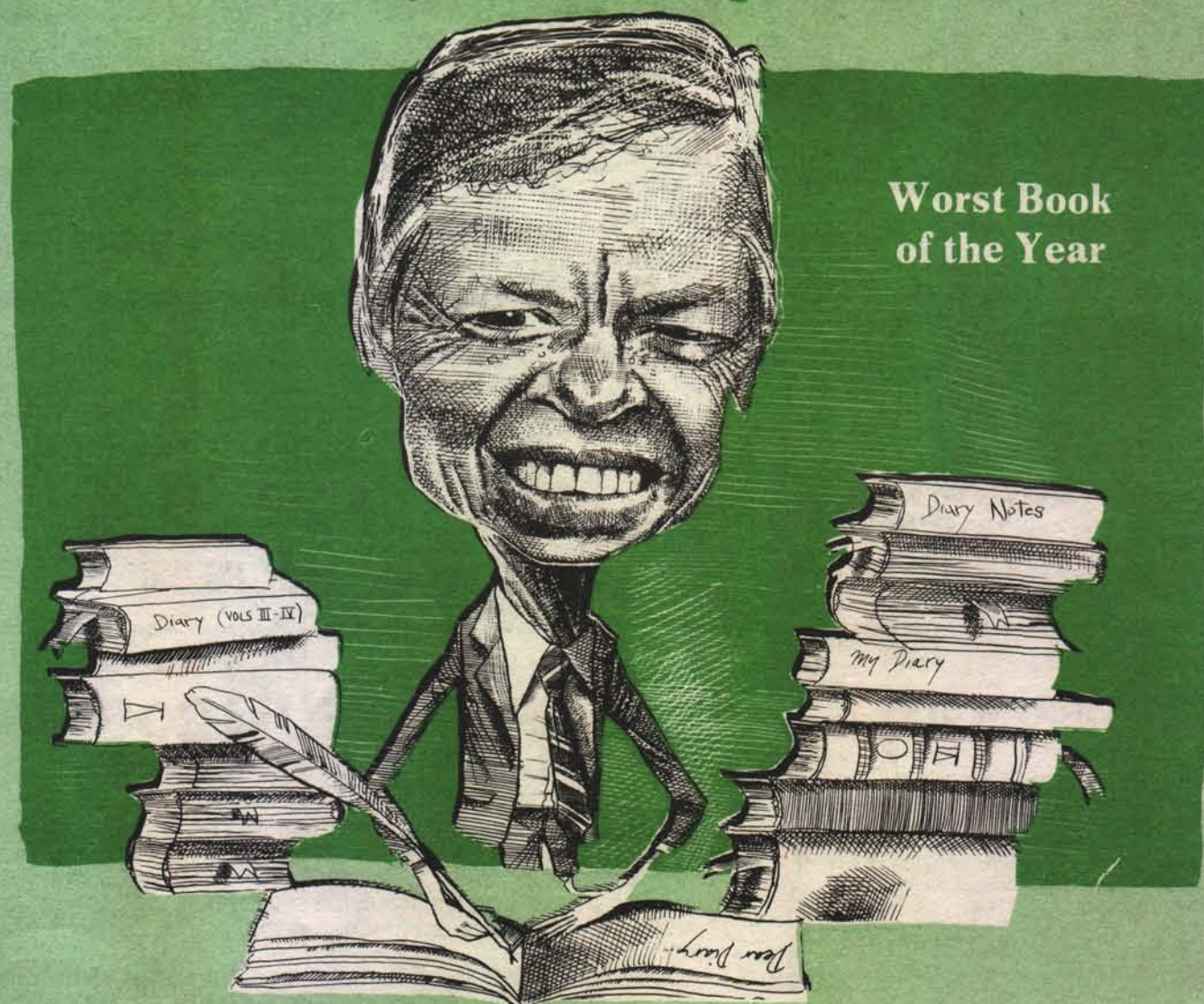
VOL. 16

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NO. 3

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The Love Song of James Earl Carter
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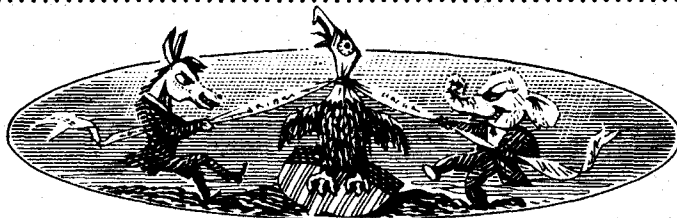
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BADLANDS BOLSHEVISM

by Tom Bethell

April 1, 1986: There have been reports in some right-wing news media about the possible arrival of Soviet troops and equipment in North Dakota. Ever since Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau invited Soviet advisers into Canada two years ago, following the derailment of his economic program, there has been a relentless anti-Soviet campaign in places like the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page (which still openly supports capitalism). Now the rhetoric and the rumors are increasing.

To be sure, there are so many charges and counter-charges that it is difficult to know who is telling the truth. Pentagon reports can be dismissed as self-serving. The CIA, on the other hand, has gained credibility with its new even-handed approach. "Just as the Soviet economy is strong, so Soviet fighting forces are weak," the agency says. "We have little to fear from Ivan, whether in the Dakotas or the Ukraine."

Pragmatism and openness to change remain the hallmark of the *New York Times*. "The reports of a Soviet invasion of North Dakota are provocative and irresponsible," the paper has noted. "At the present delicate stage of arms control negotiations in Moscow—the Soviets have agreed to dismantle some of their missiles in Munich if we will do the same in Britain—this kind of scare-mongering is unhelpful, recalling the worst excesses of the McCarthy Era. Fargo farmers who allege they have been turned off the land by 'enemy' troops deserve a skeptical hearing. These are the very people who have the most to lose from land reform. Businessmen crying over spilt milk likewise deserve careful scrutiny. Are they simply looking for more government handouts?"

May 10, 1986: It is now widely conceded that the earlier reports of a Soviet incursion into the Dakotas

were true in their essentials. A *National Enquirer* team brazenly traveled to Bismarck and, using gutter press tactics, returned with photos of Soviet troops drinking milkshakes in a downtown drugstore. They also obtained aerial shots showing convoys of trucks emblazoned with red stars rolling south across the Badlands. (But a CIA analyst said these could easily have been taken in Afghanistan.)

Yesterday, however, the *Reader's Digest* issued a press release describing its forthcoming article, "Red Army Occupies North Dakota: An Exclusive Report (based on a three-month investigation)." In response, Mary McGrory did her best to restore a sense of balance by writing a hard-hitting column in which she deplored the "ugly sensationalism of the boorish press, who think they can turn the clock back."

Still, the *Digest* has offered some convincing details. Apparently a coalition of radical Indian squaws and local progressive groups banded together to struggle against imperialism and monopoly capitalism. Then they invited the Soviets (who were of course nearby) to cross the border

and "express solidarity with your sisters and brothers suffering under colonial oppression," and to help them "reclaim the land that was rightfully ours before the White man broke his treaties." Soviet battalions then responded fraternally to this outcry.

May 20, 1986: The Anti-Christian Litigation Unit (ACLU) has filed suit in Federal Court in Bismarck, supporting the Indians' claim and enjoining "local law enforcement officials" and "U.S. Army, Marine, and other military units" from violating the visitors' Second Amendment rights—the right to bear arms. An ACLU spokesperson called a press conference and reminded press persons that "the Bill of Rights applies to everyone in the U.S., not just citizens." He added: "It is only when unpopular causes are defended that all our rights and freedoms are protected."

June 1, 1986: Reaction to the Soviet presence in the wheat belt has on the whole been balanced to date. There have been some jokes in the news columns about "red" Indians, which has helped defuse the tension. The *Washington Post* published a

tough editorial, however, laying to rest the oft-heard charge that it is a "liberal" newspaper. "It is truly disgraceful that the Red Army imagines it can just stroll into this country on the say-so of a bunch of malcontents," the paper said in an editorial entitled "The Badlands Crisis." "General Ustinov should go back home, taking his men with him, at the earliest possible opportunity. Meanwhile the federal judge in Bismarck should rule swiftly on the ACLU suit, so that we may be assured of a constitutional response to the Soviet presence. If the Pentagon and the Commander in Chief do intemperately 'jump the gun' on this they would only lay us open to the old, damaging charge that we are really no better than the Russians."

Nearby, on the op-ed page, George Will noted cogently in a column entitled "Collective Will" that "the North Dakotans, properly understood, were undertaxed. Their collective will was sapped. South Dakotans should soon enact a consumption tax, properly understood . . ."

Throughout the Dakota crisis, the *New York Times* editorials have remained calm and judicious. For example, yesterday: "Whatever one may think of the Soviet presence in Bismarck—and we certainly don't condone it here—the U.S. must recognize that it is a reality. Above all, the Reagan Administration must drop its bellicose rhetoric. The Soviet leader, let us recall, responded to a legitimate invitation from an indigenous group. That is the way we became involved in Vietnam, to our eventual sorrow. In the long run, the Soviet army too will no doubt come to see the error of its ways. Meanwhile, Secretary of the Interior James Watt should be silenced once and for all. His accusation that the Red Squaw Coalition (which extended the original invitation to the Soviets) is 'sympathetic to the socialist ideology of the Soviet Union' is intemperate and gross. It must bring smiles to the faces in the Kremlin, but it only



Tom Bethell is The American Spectator's Washington correspondent.

inflames the crisis here. Looking for reds under the bed only increases the risk of a superpower confrontation. Old-fashioned ideology and simplistic sloganeering will not resolve this complex problem. The White House's James Baker should clamp down immediately on all such provocative statements from within the Administration."

June 7, 1986: Scooping the competition, Robert Kaiser of the *Washington Post* has obtained an interview with a "senior Kremlin official," who is reported as saying that "no harm will come to the U.S. as long as it avoids any provocative or bellicose response." He further promised that the Soviets were willing to "negotiate the terms for a limited withdrawal whenever the Americans are ready to come to the table." Reed Irvine, the vigilante press critic with *Accuracy in Media*, caused an uproar in the press by demanding that Kaiser should "name his source." Irvine was summarily dragged before the recently established Free Press Tribunal, denounced for his "repeated use of bully-boy, McCarthy tactics," and "stripped of his First Amendment rights." Irvine said he would appeal, but he is given little chance.

Also in the news, President Reagan has returned from a vacation in the Santa Barbara mountains, looking tanned and fit. He announced the formation of a high level "blue ribbon commission" to study pos-

sible responses to the Dakota initiative. Cyrus Vance, who "in all humility" has agreed to serve as chairman, has promised that the commission's work will be "calm and balanced." He will be assisted by Elliot Richardson and Jimmy Carter, who held a joint press conference yesterday. "Don't forget," said Carter, making a point that could so easily have been overlooked, "the Soviet Union lost 20 million people in World War II. They have understandable and legitimate fears of being surrounded. It is a part of the Slavic character." Elliot Richardson said: "We should not overreact."

June 15, 1986: The Catholic bishops have put out a statement reminding us (and some of us needed reminding) that "Soviet troops are human beings with room for growth and potential for human development. Now is the time for meditation, not confrontation. We have no right to interfere with the legitimate aspirations of indigenous movements in North Dakota, especially those arising out of decades of oppression and racism (which is a sin)."

Led by five former secretaries of defense (including Robert McNamara, Clark Clifford, and Harold Brown), a bipartisan group has issued a further call for moderation. "In this age of nuclear confrontation," their statement read, "the two superpowers threaten all humanity. Future generations will

judge us by the moderation of our response at this critical moment. Both sides must show willingness to accept a careful, pragmatic, negotiated settlement which should be crafted by the United Nations."

July 1, 1986: The *Times* has opened a Bismarck bureau, manned by Ray Bonnar, a roving reporter. "Reports of the demise of North Dakota are greatly exaggerated," he noted in his first dispatch. He went on to point out that there were shortages and food queues, "but it is widely accepted that the economic hardship some have felt here was mainly caused by fleeing businessmen and entrepreneurs, 'who took every nut and bolt and sack of corn with them—everything that wasn't nailed down,' according to one source. 'The greed had to be seen to be believed.'"

Fortunately, there has been much criticism in the media of this greed. Bill Moyers spoke out forcefully on the issue, while *Harper's* magazine devoted the twentieth installment of its "Greed in America" series to the North Dakota abuses. On the bright side, the literacy rate in North Dakota is already rising, apparently, and according to Bonnar, "unemployment claims are down sharply and you don't see hunger and misery on the streets the way you used to. The local Food Stamp office is deserted."

Anthony Lewis had been away on another reporting mission to the "Arc

of Stability" (extending from Angola to Mozambique and Moscow), but now he has come home and he has interviewed the leaders of the Squaw Coalition. "They have a vision," he wrote, "a vision of a new society. We should be cautious about doing anything to obstruct that vision."

1987 Update: In retrospect, perhaps the most striking thing about the Dakota initiative was the liberal community's steadfast refusal to overreact in the face of what might have turned into a serious crisis. In the end the federal judge ruled on the side of the ACLU, upholding Second Amendment rights wherever they might be threatened. This greatly helped to de-escalate the crisis. The Soviets moved some tanks back into Canada, and our silos in North Dakota were de-activated. A few months later there was no panic at all when George McGovern formed a coalition in South Dakota and invited the visitors farther south.

Soon apparently, there will be an important "Peace and Disarmament Conference" at the Soviet Embassy in Washington. Yuri Andropov, the Soviet leader, will attend, and Reagan is being urged to do likewise. Reagan is expected to sign the "Tunlaw Agreements" (the Soviet Embassy is on Tunlaw Road), because, as the *New York Times* said the other day, "there can be no guarantee that we will get a better deal in the future." □

EDITORIAL



MICHAEL STRAIGHT, THE QUIET AMERICAN

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Who is the greatest living American? In these doldrum days of the Republic, when only quaint fellows like Ronald Reagan speak of America as a grand tale, it is unusual to speak in such terms. Greatest living American? The cognoscenti believe that America is a sad failure. One sees this view portrayed in contemporary art, literature, and popular entertainment, as well as in journalism and scholarship.

Adapted from RET's weekly *Washington Post* column syndicated by *King Features*.

Yet, even the cognoscenti must hold that there are great Americans, for instance those whose precious moral compasses inform them of the Republic's squalidness. By this standard, my candidate for greatest living American at this hour is Mr. Michael W. Straight, former deputy chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, former publisher and editor of the *New Republic*, and an heir to one of the Whitney fortunes, who has written plays, novels, and one of the multitude of books condemning McCarthyism and red-baiting.

Now Mr. Straight tells us that in

the 1930s and 1940s he was a Communist. With no traces of remorse, and with broad, ornate patterns of self-righteousness, he reports that Anthony Blunt, the British spy, recruited him into the Communist Party when both were at Cambridge in the 1930s. Returning to Washington, Mr. Straight used his august connections to arrange jobs in the State Department, the Interior Department, and the White House, where until 1942 he was a speechwriter for his friend President Roosevelt. He also sent his own intelligence reports to a Soviet agent, a Mr. Michael Green.

At some point, the Soviet Union, like America, failed to meet his high standards, and so, without being tasteless about it, he drifted from Mr. Green. Yet he did not report what he knew about Soviet agents working here and in Britain. These were his friends, even though some were in sensitive positions in British intelligence, and highly principled people like Mr. Straight do not report on their friends. Through nearly three decades of high life in American cultural and political circles he remained silent. Is that wrong? Well, is it wrong not to report the agonized

screams coming from a hotel room down the hall? Jumping to conclusions, the uncouth would call in the authorities. Sophisticates understand that life is more complex and that the authorities can be very crude.

Mr. Straight and his kind have very strict moral codes that soar beyond matters of loyalty to government or conformity to its laws. "He could be

loyal to causes," the *New York Times* sympathizes, "but not to nations." So while his old friends kept sending intelligence to Moscow he maintained his liberal principles. Was anyone hurt by this? Did the Soviets hurt anyone living under their suzerainty in the 1940s and 1950s? Did their allies hurt any Americans during the Korean War when Mr. Straight's

friend Guy Burgess practiced espionage from the British embassy in Washington?

If transcending one's country, if recognizing it as unworthy of one's allegiance, are your standards, I believe Mr. Straight is a great American. Today there are many

more like him, all answering to a higher standard and lamenting the horrors committed by our ancestors. But Mr. Straight arrived at these standards long ago, when it was more dangerous. Back then people were still tried for treason. Those were years of senseless red-baiting by the pols and a populace hysterical over "Commies" merely because a few had shown up in government and because the Russians seemed truculent, had developed the atomic bomb, and seemed reluctant to withdraw from Eastern Europe. China had fallen to Communism, and we were at war in Korea.

What are the constituent elements of the higher morality, elevating Americans like Mr. Straight? His testimony suggests narcissism and intolerance. Following a reproachful column by William Safire, Mr. Straight harshly wrote Safire's editors at the *New York Times* that "it saddens me to see it published in the *Times*." He also mentioned a possible libel suit, and the *Times* hurriedly sent the letter to all of Safire's newspaper clients.

This sort of conduct from Americans whose liberal values have transcended those of America is not unusual. They frequently seek to ban those of whom they disapprove. Possibly this instinctive intolerance explains their impassive and at times admiring attitude toward that grim tyranny that keeps things so tidy behind the Iron Curtain. At any rate, there are a lot of Mr. Straights nowadays, and because they are so narcissistic and intolerant I view them a menace to the Republic, its values, and its security. America is not only a good country: it is also a good cause. □

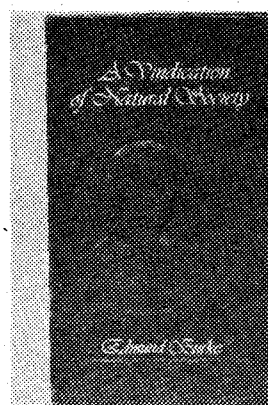
RICH AND WRETCHED

What is it like to be rich in America? What is it like to live in a country where the vast majority strain and heave to become rich without ever having a nice word for those who already are rich? It is very hurtful, I can testify to that. Many of my friends are highly educated adepts of political reform, and most are very rich. I often see the pain in their eyes.

How, after all, do you think the rich feel when they hear liberal Democrats—many of whom were born rich, most of whom if successful will die rich—grumbling about "the rich and the powerful" or "the massive transfer of wealth from the poor to the rich," as a high-toned liberal magazine recently bawled? Many rich people actually live very whole-

(continued on page 45)

LibertyPress LibertyClassics



A Vindication of Natural Society

By Edmund Burke

Edited and with an Introduction by Frank N. Pagano

A new edition of Edmund Burke's first published work. The *Vindication* was issued anonymously in 1756 as a letter attributed to "a late noble writer." In 1757 Burke produced a revised version with a new preface but still did not attach his name to the work. This LibertyClassics edition is based on the 1757 revision.

From the time of its first appearance, the *Vindication* has been controversial. Some have argued that it shows that the young Burke was a radical thinker very different from the great conservative of later years. Others have considered the work to be primarily satirical. In either case, it is probably Burke's most philosophical work on social and political questions. In it he comments on many earlier writers, including Hobbes and Locke. Hardcover \$8.50, Softcover \$4.50.

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS



•January, and neither the President's State of the Union Message nor his budget went over very well, the Liberals finding both too parsimonious, the conservatives finding them too spendthrift and timorous. Moreover, the news stories issuing from our nation's capital became ever more difficult to square with observable reality. Reagan the miser! Reagan the radical tax cutter! Reagan the warmonger! Actually, our federal government is now spending billions more than were targeted for it by the Reagan Administration. The fabled tax cuts have yet to affect us significantly. The Republic is at peace. The pundits who have created the concern over a bellicose, niggardly, radical Reagan Administration are ideologues whose brains have been fully stocked, shelf after shelf, cranny, and nook, by the *Zeitgeist*—they are panicked by illusions.

•Historians may someday mark the first month of 1983 as the starting point for the rise of yet another group of aggrieved Americans, to wit: the transsexuals. The frequency of their appearances in the news this month suggests that increasing numbers of Americans are coming out of the closet and onto the butcher block; in view of Americans' historic restlessness, transsexuality could prove to be a boon for kinky surgeons.

•In New York, Nassau County police officer Jennifer McCormick, assigned to a desk job since her sex change, has announced her intention to resume patrol duty, and the *Washington Post* reports that police officer Bonnie Davenport, formerly a male patrolman, has been assigned to a midnight patrol with officer Bobby Almstead, the Washington, D.C. Police Department's only avowed homosexual. Dubbed by less enlightened colleagues as "the fruit-cakes," Bobby and Bonnie specialize in domestic feuds; and though some of their colleagues snicker and even

gag, they have gained laudations from their supervisor, Sergeant Frank Weinsheimer, who apprised the *Post* that his nocturnal sleuths run a neat little patrol car and are "more patient, more understanding, more thorough" than the beefy, macho types. "They bring a special quality to the job," Sergeant Weinsheimer opined, a quality that used to be *malum prohibitum*.

•Transsexuals were active in court, too. On January 12 Orange County Superior Court Judge James F. Judge presided over the adoption proceedings wherein 45-year-old Joanna Clark, who underwent a sex change in 1975, adopted as her daughter Anna Marie Mostyn, 25. Miss Mostyn's anatomical redecorating has at this point been modest. Hormone treatment has coaxed from her a pert little bustline; however, she has as yet been unable to undergo the requisite surgery to turn her into a Venus, and thus she is one of the few United States citizens whose anatomy actually conforms to the gender guidelines of our federal government.

•Judge Judge's courtroom was a scene of jubilation: "I'm a mother! I'm so happy," enthused Mrs. Clark. "It's the happiest day of my life." But hold! Obstacles remain. Miss Mostyn is serving a fifteen-year prison sentence for knocking off a bank; and she languishes in the California Medical Facility in Vacaville, held by confused officials who know not where to place her. Miss Mostyn's indefatigable lawyer, Miss Amanda Skolan, has filed a \$3.25 million lawsuit against the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, alleging that to send such a comely prisoner to a male hoosegow would condemn her to ravishment and a life of moral compromise. The case looms as one of the momentous Constitutional battles of the century, especially if it comes to the attention of an enlightened jurist such as the Hon. J. Skelly Wright.

•At this point Miss Mostyn's foster

mother is sanguine. "The bottom line," she reported to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "is that Anna Marie is now the daughter I always wanted, the focal point in my life. I'm looking forward to sitting in a church pew someday and watching her walk down the aisle. . . . Normalcy in her life, that's all I want for her." A touching story, that, and who doubts that there now stand over a thousand head of holy clerics eager to preside over such a marriage ceremony. But the Reagan madness is still upon us. In Madison, Wisconsin, the Know-Nothing citizenry is in rebellion over the decision by the city's Welfare Appeals Committee to pay for the \$25,000 sex-change operation of an unidentified 33-year-old man who insists that unless the operation is paid for he will commit suicide, and in Miami mossbacks are incensed that transsexuals in an adult-education class are using the female comfort station in a local grammar school—what about their God-given right to void?

•On January 5, President Reagan announced he was nominating Elizabeth H. Dole to be Secretary of Transportation, and seven days later he announced the nomination of Margaret Heckler as Secretary of Health and Human Services. At this rate, women will hold every Cabinet post in the federal government by March 30, yet feminists remain unappeased. Mr. Nikolai V. Podgorny, former president of the USSR, and Mr. Meyer Lansky, a financial consultant for the Cosa Nostra, both died of natural causes. Mr. Paul Bryant, the football coach of the University of Alabama, suffered a fatal heart attack, and Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, the Hamster of the Senate, announced retirement plans that were characteristically vague and absurd.

•In Boston, a tough law-and-order meter maid showed how effective government can be when she ticketed

a parked car in which a corpse slumped rather obdurately against the steering wheel. In Yonkers, New York, Mr. Edward Tondrik, who had been attracting curiosity for months by his enormous purchases of room deodorizer, was arrested when police found the mummified remains of his 86-year-old mother lying peacefully on her bed where she had expired over ten months ago. Mr. Larry Walters, the 33-year-old aeronautical genius who re-designed a \$100 Sears aluminum lawn chair so that it would fly at altitudes of 15,000 feet, has been fined \$4,000 by the FAA for operating an aircraft for which there is no "airworthiness certificate" and various other infractions. Mr. Walters's lawn chair was assisted in its epic flight by 45 helium balloons, and it is not beyond the realm of possibility that the whole thing was funded by the Synthetic Fuels Corporation.

•What came as reassuring news to many in South Carolina has caused widespread indignation amongst feminists. Apparently those talking dolls that appeared in South Carolina stores at Christmastime with the recorded message "Kill Mommy" were actually meant for Florida's Hispanic market and their message was "Quiero Mommy," meaning "I want mommy"—not exactly a gender-neutral message, eh? Editors at the *Progressive* were relieved to hear that the Stanford University English Department's award for execrable prose will be based only on the worst opening sentence of a novel. Three West German doctors were convicted of removing heart pacemakers from the dead and re-using them. And a relative of the Rev. Ayatollah Rhuollah Khomeini has been jugged in Düsseldorf, West Germany on charges of merchandising vibrant Moslem culture still somewhat frowned upon in the decadent West.

—RET



Richard Grenier

THE GREATEST PEACE MOVEMENT OF THEM ALL

Remember Brest-Litovsk (the Russians do).

Daily, sometimes hourly, Lenin addressed the crowds of thousands from a raised platform in front of the palace of Kshesinskaya, the celebrated ballet dancer. Kerensky, minister for war of the Provisional Government which had succeeded the Czar, was given to flights of frenzied oratory, impassioned exhortations to continue the war against Germany to save the new social democracy. But Lenin, leader of a contending faction, was stolid, down to earth, his hands buried in the side pockets of an old blue jacket. Again and again, he asked one question of the crowds: "What do you get from the war?" then answered it himself: "Wounds, suffering, hunger, and death." The crowds roared their approval. Russia, Lenin proclaimed, wanted peace.

It was the greatest peace movement in modern history. We have had others since. During the rise of Hitler in the thirties many in the Western democracies spoke in the name of "peace," enunciating attitudes of appeasement which discredited the word as a slogan for decades to come. But during the Vietnam war, "peace" became respectable again, although in the smug ignorance of history and the semantic muddle of the times it was rarely clear whether the speakers were pure pacifists (would capitulate in any war), selective pacifists (only in some), or merely people who felt war was just awful (these were the intellectual dregs as no admirer of the martial virtues from Homer on down has ever said war was a garden of delight).

This grand and glorious jumble of ethical schools has now taken the field again in the current nuclear weapons debate, with Quakers, Catholic bishops, Communists (with placards to prove it), and concerned citizens for a humane water-supply locking

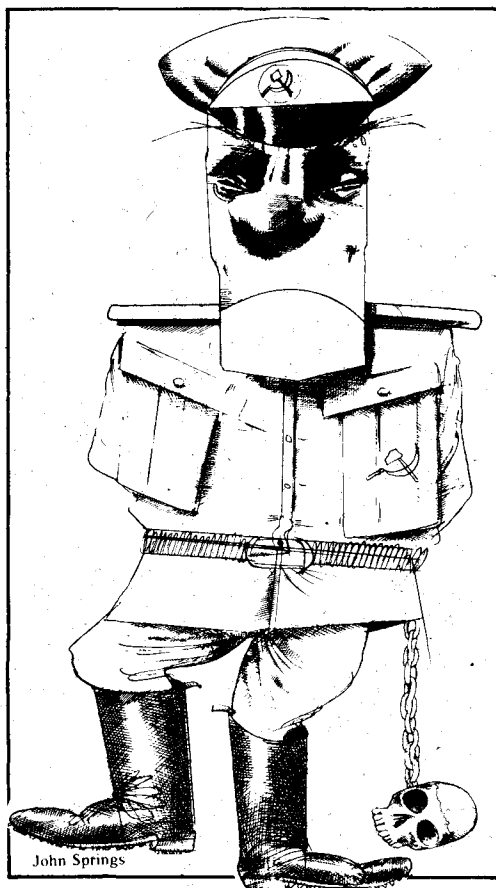
arms happily in their common struggle against nuclear war. The bishops, who in the draft of a pastoral letter debated at their recent council in Washington seem to be veering sharply toward the pure pacifist position, are of course right in saying that nuclear weapons have given war an entirely new and alarming scale, making it far harder to satisfy the Church's criteria for a just war: "discrimination" and "proportion."

But since I have always believed, with George Orwell, that to abjure violence is a luxury which a delicate few enjoy only because others stand ready to do violence in their behalf, I wonder whether even these bishops are prepared to live in the world to which the total repudiation of deterrence would lead. And since the peace movement has drawn out such an

ecstatic crowd of unsophisticated new supporters, it is worth recalling the vicissitudes and fate of earlier peace movements, particularly the most spectacular of them all, the forgotten Russian peace movement of 1917. Here, too, finicky ethical distinctions were lost. Russia, its Czar already overthrown and the fabric of its society grievously rent, was entering the fourth year of a terrible, "unpopular" war.

Lenin's words were heard. Vast antiwar demonstrations filled the streets of Petrograd, clashing bloodily with police and army. At the front, working-class Bolshevik agents infiltrated the army in massive numbers. *Why should they fight this war for the landlords and the factory owners?* Russian troops were crossing no man's land with bottles of vodka to fraternize with the Germans, a movement strongly supported by the German High Command—although officially condemned so as not to compromise it. When the Russian Provisional Government attempted its last offensive against the Germans in July 1917, regiment after regiment mutinied and murdered its officers. The army was now in a state of anarchy. Word reached the front that peasants were seizing the lands of the landlords back home, and peasant-soldiers threw down their arms and deserted by the hundreds of thousands.

All of Russia was in a state of anarchy. In Petrograd, mobs rioted, looted, there were two aborted coups. Russia seemed to have two governments, the Provisional Government of which Kerensky was now prime minister, and the Petrograd Soviet, each issuing contradictory proclamations. The Czar's regime had been weak and inefficient, but the present situation was simple chaos. It has been said that the Bolsheviks didn't even need to seize power, they just picked it up. And the constant drum roll was: *Peace! Peace! Peace!* When Kerensky fled the Winter Palace and Lenin claimed supreme power, General Dukh-



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onin, the chief of staff, refused to accept his authority. Told by Bolshevik agents that their commander was responsible for the "prolongation of the war," his troops mutinied and a mob of soldiery dragged the chief of staff from his headquarters and beat him to death, a sailor from Petrograd pumping two bullets into his body. Just a few days before, Lenin, in one of his first acts as head of government, had issued his "Peace Decree," calling for peace on the basis of no annexations, no indemnities, and self-determination. To thunderous applause from the new Congress of Soviets, he declared that he would issue an ultimatum to Berlin. "If the German proletariat realizes that we are ready to consider all offers of peace," he declared, "revolution will break out in Germany..." The Decree passed unanimously. It brought the Congress to its feet, roaring, a hurricane of sound, some singing the *Internationale*. Men embraced each other, sobbed like children, mumbled incredulously, "The war is over. The war is over. Peace has come."

Winston Churchill said the Germans had brought Lenin from Switzerland to Russia in a sealed train like a "plague bacillus." Their goal was of unusual simplicity. Fighting on two fronts was bleeding them white and they wanted Russia out of the war. Lenin, despite the enraged charges of his enemies on the Right—and sometimes on the Left—was obviously not a German agent. For a time, and for a time only, his purposes and those of Germany were simply congruent. He, first, sincerely thought that to have Russian and German soldiers killing each other in what he saw to be the sole interest of the propertied classes of one country or the other was wrong and a crime against history. "Peace," moreover, was an issue capable of arousing tremendous popular support. He would use it to attain power. Less given to wishful thinking than some of the other Bolsheviks, Lenin knew perfectly well that if the German military overran Russia the lot of the Russian people would scarcely be improved, but, thinking all other countries were in the same state of near-collapse as Russia, he was deeply convinced that a world proletarian revolution was about to break out everywhere in weeks, perhaps days. He and the other Bolsheviks carried this thinking so far as to conceive of the post of foreign minister as merely a temporary one—because tomorrow all national boundaries would disappear, and the world would be one.

After a first round of talks under a subordinate official, Lenin sent his "temporary" foreign minister, the great Leon Trotsky himself, to negotiate peace with the Germans on the basis of the Bolshevik Peace Declaration. Those who have gotten their notion of Trotsky from Mary McCarthy, who considered him the most romantic man in modern history and ended

an essay on him with "Bravo, old sport," should realize that Trotsky was not quite as sporty as all that. Although cultivated, intelligent, and a great orator, his personal style was harsh and imperious, and his usual oratorical mode one of contemptuous rage. When he met with the Germans and Austrians in January of 1918 at Brest-Litovsk, the headquarters of the German armies on the Eastern Front, he berated

...to abjure violence is a luxury which a delicate few enjoy only because others stand ready to do violence in their behalf...

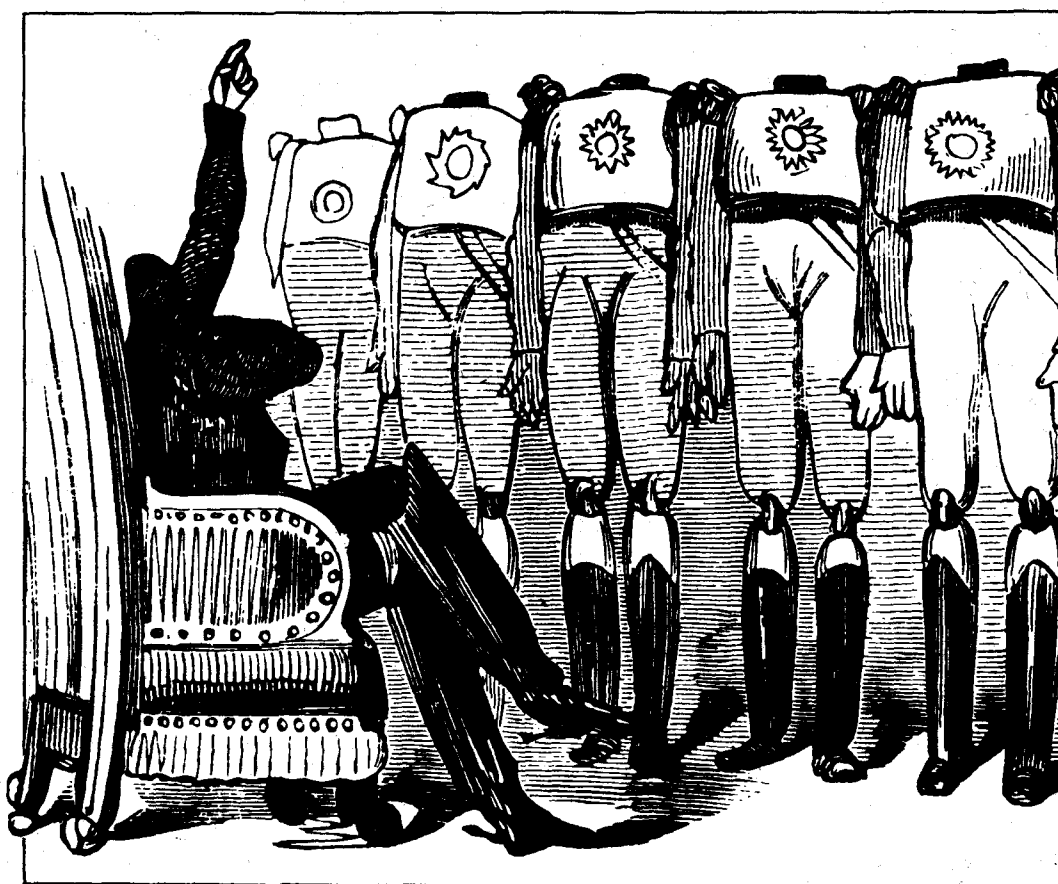
them, gave them some examples of his fiery revolutionary oratory. The Germans, particularly the generals, listened coolly. Trotsky reminded them that they had agreed to negotiate peace on the basis of no annexations and self-determination. The generals were extremely civil. They honored the principle of self-determination and held it to be of the greatest importance, they said, and as soon as peace came they would see to it immediately in all territories occupied by their forces.

What did they mean by occupied by their forces! fumed Trotsky. The Germans held thousands of square kilometers of Russian territory! They must give it up! No, no, said the Germans politely. They would take care of all this self-determination themselves. The Bolsheviks needn't bother their heads about it. And they handed Trotsky a draft treaty removing from Bolshevik control vast areas of the former Russian Empire. This was the same result

obtained by Trotsky's Bolshevik predecessor at the negotiations, who had been stunned. But this time Trotsky was ready, and he did something so dramatic and so clever that it had never been done before, and might never be done again.

Trotsky made a scathing speech denouncing the terms of the German proposal. His eloquence was magnificent. The Germans listened patiently, thinking that this was his swan song, that he had no choice but to give in. Whereupon, Trotsky ended his speech with a dazzling *coup de théâtre*: while Russia utterly rejected the German terms, which might lead one to think that the war went on, Trotsky made a *unilateral declaration of peace*. He and his delegation then stormed out of the conference hall at Brest-Litovsk and returned immediately to Petrograd—where he was received in triumph. Trotsky had outsmarted the Germans! He had scornfully rejected their odious terms, but had still brought peace!

There are people so prone to excitement on contact with exalted ideas, and so awed at the glittering edifices that language can construct, that they sometimes quite take leave of their senses. This was not to be a characteristic of the Soviet state in later decades, but in that winter of 1918 there were quite a few people answering this description in the ruling councils of the infant Bolshevik state in Petrograd. The Central Executive Committee of the Congress of Soviets received Trotsky in a state of wild euphoria, passing unanimously a resolution approving his conduct at Brest-Litovsk. Even Lenin, the most guarded of the leaders, voted approval. To be fair, admiration for Trotsky's brilliance extended even to the fortress of Brest-Litovsk



itself, to the German and Austrian diplomats. That Jew was really a clever fellow. Who had ever heard of a unilateral declaration of peace? A German scholar decided that such a thing had not occurred since a conflict between the ancient Greeks and the Scythians. Was Germany at peace or at war?

Admiration for Trotsky, however, did not extend to the German General Staff. From the beginning its goal had been to get Russia out of the war. Scholars still quarrel over just how much German money reached the Russian peace movement by secret channels, but the weight of evidence is that it was by millions and millions, paying for the huge antiwar press, posters, leaflets. When Berlin received the Russian overtures for peace in late 1917, the General Staff considered its goal accomplished and immediately began stripping German divisions from the East and shipping them in massive numbers to the Western Front—where French, British, and American armies now awaited with clenched teeth the final German onslaught. Berlin's view at Brest-Litovsk, pithily put by a diplomat, was that the only choice the Bolsheviks had was "what sauce they shall be eaten with," and Trotsky's oratorical fireworks and resounding "peace" proclamation led the Germans, not to soften their terms, but to stiffen them. Crude, unimaginative people, perhaps, the German generals were peculiarly immune to Trotsky's dialectical brilliance. Their prosaic reading of the situation was as follows: Germany had at its feet a prostrate enemy, which had just declared it would not even defend itself. The German Army in the East was stripped down, but ready to fight. Its generals had not read as many books as Trotsky, or perhaps they had merely read different books, for they understood Thu-

cydides: *Whenever men can rule, they will.* They cabled Petrograd an ultimatum. If the Russians did not accept the German terms within 48 hours, the temporary armistice was at an end.

A wild debate broke out in Petrograd. Trotsky fulminated: they must not accept! The Germans would not dare attack! If they attacked, the German workers would rise up and overthrow their masters! The Revolution would come! Lenin didn't believe it, but hour followed hour. The German generals did not even wait for the 48 hours to expire. At dawn of the second day, armies in field grey were moving forward on all fronts. Panic seized Petrograd, and Lenin cabled that he accepted the German terms.

I would not want it thought that the German generals were witless brutes. They had a sense of humor. The Jew had had his fun. Now they would have theirs. They wired back that they did not receive cabled acceptances. The acceptance must be delivered in written form. Lenin hurried off a signed document, but days passed without an answer from Brest-Litovsk—as the German Army advanced unopposed. All was as the General Staff had thought. What was left of the Russian Army was a demoralized, destitute rabble. It had been promised peace. It had been told that peace had come, that the Germans were brothers. The only people the Russian Army was good at killing now were its own officers. It would not fight. Russians were surrendering by the thousand, by the battalion, by the regiment.

The war was now quite "comical," a German general wrote. You put a small German detachment on a railroad train with some machine-guns, then sent it ahead for 25 or 30 kilometers to the next stop, where it accepted the surrender of all

the Russians. Then back on the train again: another stop, another surrender. It had "the charm of novelty," wrote the general. Other Russians were fleeing pell-mell, abandoning all artillery and ammunition. Sailors were scurrying off Russian warships in port, abandoning them, too. The German Army was swallowing Russia; the Ukraine; it was advancing on Helsinki. Berlin at last answered Petrograd. It had set new terms. They were Draconian.

Trotsky, outraged, fulminated again. They must fight! But Lenin—if by only a small margin—held him off. With what were they to fight? They had no army. They had no navy. "Can you give me anything but prattle and pasteboard figures?" Lenin asked. The Germans were already advancing on Petrograd. The population was fleeing. Even if the government retired to the Urals, Lenin promised, it would not survive three weeks. Old comrades shrieked at him, howled, "Traitor!" "Judas!" "German spy!" But Lenin, unperturbed, dispatched a new delegate to Brest-Litovsk, and this time the delegate signed instantly.

Of the old Russian Empire: Finland, Estonia, Livonia, Courland, Lithuania, and Poland became independent states under German "protection"—as did the Ukraine, which had been part of Russia since the seventeenth century. Germany's writ now ran from the Arctic Ocean to the Caucasus. In conjunction with a parallel treaty signed at Bucharest, Brest-Litovsk granted Germany economic concessions clear across Russia, to whose raw materials it now had unlimited access. Germany controlled the routes to the oil of Baku, to the cotton of Central Asia, to the mountain passes of India. Russia also lost much of Byelorussia and Transcaucasia, more than half of its industries, 75 percent of its coal mines, 73 percent of its iron production, 37 percent of its average crops, and no less than 44 percent of its population. It was the famous treaty of Brest-Litovsk, Hitler's favorite treaty, and you can understand why.

To my knowledge, in the six years that remained to him, Lenin never regretted the peace movement that had brought Russia so low, and, in his own words, almost "signed the death warrant" of the Bolshevik regime. He had come to power in large measure due to his "peace platform." But the trick was to attain power, suffer a defeat rarely surpassed in its harshness, and yet avoid paying the bitter consequences by having a third party pull your chestnuts out of the fire. We will never know the course that world events would have taken if Ludendorff had been content with a German triumph in the East unprecedented since the Middle Ages, and, dealing from strength, had sought peace with the West. Like many great strategists, however, he was a gambler and went for absolute victory. He threw the dice once more, and lost. He was defeated,



not surprisingly, by statesmen who had had no truck with peace movements, Clemenceau (not called "The Tiger" for nothing) and Lloyd George—both possessed of a powerful *Vernichtungswille* (will to annihilate) directed at Germany.

But a lapsed pacifist, Woodrow Wilson, played his part as well, and, the war won, was among the first to insist that Germany should immediately evacuate its troops from conquered territories in the East. Now there is nothing in the Marxist canon of history that will explain why a Presbyterian moralist turned U.S. President—to all appearances tormented by guilt at having abandoned his pacifist beliefs—should in his pursuit of a better world adamantly demand that Wilhelmine Germany disgorge all its ill-gotten gains in the East, thereby vastly increasing the chances of survival of the world's first Communist state. But that is something like what happened. And the Russian peace movement, and its consequence, Brest-Litovsk, were forgotten, at least in the West. They have never been forgotten in the Soviet Union.

As World War II approached, Western peace movements in all their picturesque forms and variants quite understandably appeared again. But of all the thousands of distinguished people who signed Oxford Pledges, never to take up arms for King and country—Quakers, pacifists, nature lovers, vegetarians, nudists, spiritualists (Orwell's list)—I will select only one, a Frenchman, Marcel Déat, at one time very celebrated. A Paris magazine editor, Déat produced, in the late thirties, the most renowned peace pamphlet ever written: *Die For Danzig?*, in which he argued passionately that it was not worth dying for Danzig, or, indeed, any place. Which is a perfectly tenable position, you might think, for a pacifist of purist hue. Except that when France collapsed before Nazi Germany in 1940, Déat became one of Berlin's overlords, ruling France for the Nazis with a mailed fist. Which was an interesting spiritual development, wouldn't you say, from pacifist to Nazi? Moreover, he was not alone. Most prominent French pacifists of the period went over to the Nazis. At the war's end, Déat himself disappeared into thin air, and only after his death in 1955 was it revealed that he had refound his Christian faith and been hidden for his last ten years in a monastery in Italy. This could not have been a secret from the Papacy. So Lenin was patently not a German agent, but as for Marcel Déat, perhaps only his confessor knew for sure.

Another great pacifist of the period, now recalled to us in an extraordinarily timely fashion by an epic motion-picture, was Mahatma Gandhi. I should make clear that Gandhi was not properly speaking the leader of an "antiwar" movement. India's drive for independence from the British Empire implied no war, nor threat of war. Great armies were not ranged for battle. Gandhi's chosen method for achieving

independence was simply nonviolent (as has often been said, a technique that worked with Britain but would not have worked with Nazi Germany). Nonetheless, Gandhi was a dedicated practitioner of *ahimsa* (nonviolence) and his views on affairs in Europe, where great armies were indeed ranged for battle, have not received the attention they deserve. His advice to Europe's Jews, for example, a key problem

Gandhi's letter to Adolf Hitler, seeking to convert the Nazi leader to non-violence, must be read to be believed.

in the moral quagmire of the time, was highly tonic. The Jews should commit collective suicide, he said. Why? A lesser mind might not have seen this, but such a noble act on the part of the Jews would "arouse" world public opinion. I think it only logical to feel, when the German panzer divisions came smashing through Belgium, that Gandhi, still abjuring violence, should, consistent with his principles, have advised the French to commit collective suicide to arouse public opinion in Britain. And, if Operation Sea Lion had been launched, he should have advised the British to commit collective suicide to arouse public opinion in America. And, if America had in turn been threatened, he should have advised Americans to commit collective suicide to arouse public opinion—where? For, if Gandhi carried his thinking further than most pacifists, he did not carry it quite through to the end. (Gandhi's letter to Adolf Hitler,

seeking to convert the Nazi leader to nonviolence, must be read to be believed.) He was never in the least repentant about his advice to Jews, moreover. After the war, after Auschwitz, after *Nacht und Nebel* (Night and Fog), after the Final Solution, reminded of his advice to the Jewish people, Gandhi said, well, they died anyway, didn't they? They might as well have died significantly. So I would like to remind Gandhians—even new converts made by the movie—that, come what may, they will always have the option of significant, collective protest-suicide, which will certainly arouse public opinion in Micronesia, or wherever else there are publics disposed to have an opinion.

But, living under the menace of nuclear nightmare as we all do, I would prefer to think that none of the good Americans who have recently been protesting so earnestly for nuclear peace are Marcel Déats or even Mahatma Gandhis, but all sound Quakers, breast-feeders, Friends of Earth, liberation theologians, devotees of solar energy, eaters of natural food, not to mention great numbers of pure-hearted lovers of life. The Catholic bishops I would, frankly, just as soon leave to their flock. Writing even after the flurry of fuzzily worded recent state and county referenda calling for a "verifiable freeze," the *New York Times*, in a rare burst of clarity, said that one of the likely destinies of the "freeze" movement (compared to which most bishops are extremists) is that it might come to resemble West Germany's "Greens," perceived by the public as systematically hostile to the West. (The bishops have already blamed Third World poverty on multinational corporations and the U.S.) The *Times* wrote that in American politics this could well be a policy of "self-destruct," and that "at least, it would imply a profound change in



the membership of the movement to whom it appeals." So I leave the bishops with the prospect of preaching to a congregation made up of William Kunstler, Cora Weiss, Ed Asner, Bella Abzug, Michael Harrington, and Ron Dellums.

Although there are thousands of high-minded and eminent persons from secular life who have concerned themselves actively with the nuclear peril, I will consider only two, Jill Clayburgh, the actress, and Derek Bok, president of Harvard University, who differ somewhat in educational background but whose hearts, it would seem, are in approximately the same place. Clayburgh offered her ideas recently at a public gathering. She never voted, she declared. She didn't read newspapers. She rarely even watched television news. But what she brought to the question of peace was her "humanity," she announced, and offered the audience some Great Truths about nuclear warfare she had gleaned from Jonathan Schell, as well as from Jules Feiffer, who seems to be a nuclear strategist of some standing.

Derek Bok, speaking at Harvard's commencement exercises last June, made a much more dignified impression. He did not complain that he didn't have time for all this, as had Clayburgh. He did not refer to Jules Feiffer as his *éminence grise*. He even inveighed against slogans and demagoguery. What he did most fervently, however, was to proclaim Harvard's mission to "inform the people," since it was an informed public opinion that had demanded a solution to such earlier American problems as slavery, child labor, and segregated lunch counters. President Bok did not seem to notice that these earlier problems were mainly domestic U.S. affairs. And he failed to indicate what effect he thought informing Americans

about nuclear matters would have on the citizens and rulers of our presumptive adversary, the Soviet Union.

The same weekend President Bok spoke in Harvard Yard, 500,000 to 700,000 Americans demonstrated in New York for a nuclear freeze—while in Russia 11 members of a week-old independent Soviet peace movement attempted to meet in a private Moscow apartment. Soviet plainclothes police prevented them from entering. Although the Soviet press was running glowing accounts of the huge demonstration in New York, members of the miniature Russian group were arrested and charged with "hooliganism," and their spokesman was confined to a psychiatric hospital. This is a rough summary of the state of play between the American and Soviet nuclear peace movements: half a million virtuous Americans having the time of their lives in New York, and a dozen or so grim Russians harried by the police in Moscow.

Andrei Sakharov recently wrote a letter to the Pugwash Conference on Science and World Affairs, which—in a blaze of insouciance utterly worthy of that organization—chose to hold its annual conference in Warsaw in August on the second anniversary of the founding of Solidarity, just in time to breathe inspirationally of Jaruzelski's tear gas. Some ten to thirteen years ago, wrote Sakharov, there was an approximate strategic equilibrium between East and West. But the Soviet Union had used détente to carry out a "very substantial" build-up of its missile arsenal, as well as of its army, navy, and air force. "The SS-20 missiles have changed the strategic equilibrium in Europe," he warned, "although those who take part in

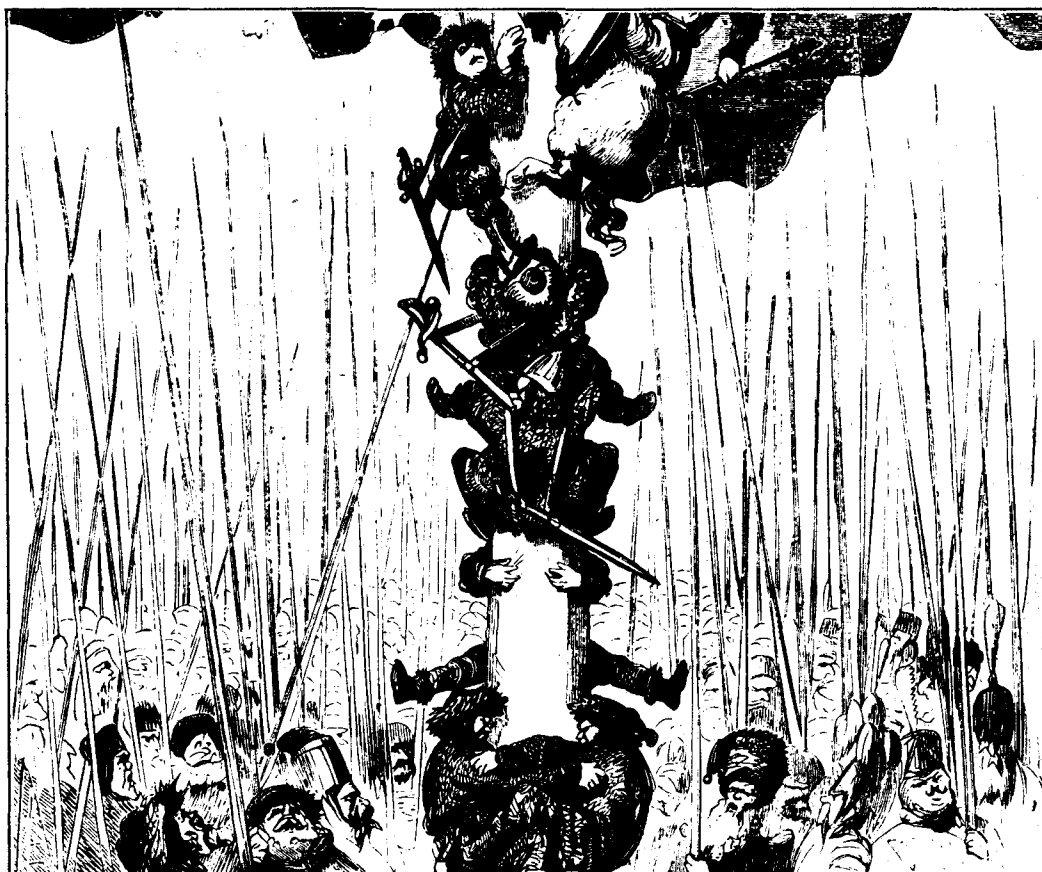
pacifist demonstrations seem not to notice this fact." Many of the public figures in the West who are speaking out on peace and disarmament are doing so out of "naiveté," "political fashion," or "insufficient knowledge of the issues," he said. Their position is not only one-sided, warned Sakharov, but "dangerous."

For, as Sakharov and every other Russian knows, the Iron Law of Peace Movements is that the nation that has one—if it carries the day—loses. For "peace" movements do not bring peace, they bring defeat. The Soviet leaders, I suspect, would have sensed this even if they had never had a Brest-Litovsk, but, I can assure you, they know their Brest-Litovsk. A unilateral declaration of peace, or of nuclear disarmament, or of refusal to build an ABM system, or to fight, or to do anything violent or rude, is a preemptive capitulation. It would be delightful if the world were otherwise, but it is not. I will not pretend that this cannot lead to a quandary. If the citizen feels that his government is hell-bent on the road to disaster, what is he to do? I would remind him, whatever else, to proceed with the most extreme circumspection, for peace movements, like wars, not only have tremendous consequences, but these consequences can be irreversible.

An executive producer of a major U.S. television network, quite swept away by her leaping desire for peace, told me during the recent seizure of nuclear terror that she "wouldn't mind" if the Russians took over Western Europe, or even America, provided (she added prudently) that they didn't do anything to her. As she was in a constant rage at interference in her programs by the president for news of her network, I asked her what she would do if, perchance, the Russians *did* do something to her. "Oh," she said bravely, "then I'd fight!" Yes, indeed. It would be one of the more glorious battles, I'm sure.

The quaintness of this example notwithstanding, the reader must not think that I am imagining a vast Soviet amphibious force wading ashore at Westport, Connecticut, with a mutinous U.S. armored brigade besotted in the hovels of New Canaan, surrendering to the invader in droves, while sailors from the Anacostia Naval Air Station storm the Pentagon and drag out General Vessey and shoot him in the head and our new Commissar for War, Reverend William Sloane Coffin, capitulates to the enemy on the blood-soaked ground of Tavern on the Green. The next conflict, if it should come, is quite likely to be a war by checkmate, and its outcome is being determined right now, by these shiftings of the "nuclear balance." If our present peace movement prevails, the Russians might one day say "Check." And we will move. Then they will move again and say, "Checkmate."

And we will know they've won. And they will know we know. The game will be over. □



Adrian Karatnycky

SOUTH AFRICA'S DEMOCRATIC OPPOSITION: AN INTERVIEW WITH CHIEF BUTHELEZI

Capitalism yes, apartheid no.

Mangosuthu Gatsha Buthelezi, Chief Minister of the Zulu nation, is probably South Africa's most influential black political figure. A leading opponent of apartheid and a strong proponent of parliamentary democracy and majority rule, Buthelezi is firmly committed to a course of nonviolent social and political change.

Unlike most of the other actors in South African political life, Chief Buthelezi brings with him a formidable power base—the six-million-strong Zulu nation, South Africa's largest ethnic group, constituting 20 percent of that country's population. As Chief Minister of KwaZulu, the Zulu homeland, Chief Buthelezi has implemented an innovative program of education and economic development. He has at the same time vigorously opposed Prime Minister Pieter Botha's attempts to divide South Africa's developed white-settled areas from the underdeveloped black-populated "homelands."

Chief Buthelezi's wide-ranging liberation strategy to undermine apartheid is in part predicated on utilizing mechanisms found within the system. He has successfully used South Africa's courts to block government attempts to cede black South African territories to Swaziland. He has also sought to build a power base through a national cultural and educational movement—Inkatha. With more than 700,000 adherents, Inkatha is the largest and best-organized black organization in South Africa. It promotes self-reliance through a program of community development, education, and the provision of welfare services.

Chief Buthelezi is also the chairman of the South African Black Alliance, a confederation including not only Inkatha but also major organizations representing "coloureds" (i.e., those blacks who are of mixed blood) and Indians. The Black Alliance was recently shaken by the

decision of one of its members, the coloured Labor Party, to accept Prime Minister Pieter Botha's offer of a subordinate role in a government that continues to exclude blacks. This decision is a serious blow to Chief Buthelezi's strategy of a nonviolent coalition of blacks and non-whites against apartheid. Moreover, the entry of the Labor Party into the Botha government is certain to heighten black rage. In the words of Prince Gideon Zulu, an ally of Chief Buthelezi: "If that is [the coloureds'] decision, they will have to live with it. They know blacks are going to rule this country one day, and when that day comes we shall not forget."

Yet despite his recent setback, Chief Buthelezi is still regarded within South Africa as the country's most important opponent of apartheid. Public-opinion polls consistently show him as the most respected black leader in South Africa. Regrettably, Buthelezi's central position in the struggle against apartheid is rarely acknowledged by the Western media,

which prefer to report on the activities of the poorly organized and less popular "radical" movements.

The following interview was conducted in New York City last fall, before the decision of the Labor Party to join with the apartheid government.

• • •

Q: You have long been a leading proponent of nonviolent protest and peaceful transformation in South Africa. Today it would appear that with the growth in support for Andreas Treurnicht's rightist faction and Prime Minister Botha's reluctance to enact significant reforms, South Africa is far from achieving non-violent evolutionary change. Do you still believe that violence in South Africa can be avoided?

Buthelezi: Well I never try to play the role of a prophet. The human rights battle in South Africa continues. And I think whereas the present set-up might encourage polarization between the right wing of the Nationalist Party and the Botha wing, it does not change the fundamental situation of black people who still lack a voice in the government of the country.

The complication that might precipitate some fragmentation is the government's desire to incorporate the "coloureds" and the Indians into the legislature while excluding blacks. According to this plan, they want to exclude about 70 percent of the population of South Africa. That, of course, creates problems at many levels. It creates problems between Africans and coloureds and Indians, who are all oppressed people. If they fall for this thing, it will create polarization not only between black and white, but also between [non-white] groups that were once comrades-in-arms. This doesn't augur well for the future of the country.

Q: What is your assessment of the independent, largely black-led trade-union movement in South Africa? And what is the basis for cooperation between your movement and the independent trade unions?



Adrian Karatnycky is research director of the A. Philip Randolph Institute and associate editor of *Workers Under Communism*, a quarterly journal.

Buthelezi: The trade-union movement has just been launched. Until recently, blacks were not allowed to become members of the trade-union movement. They were defined out of the movement by the Industrial Conciliation Act. Two years ago the Wiehahn Commission recommended that Africans also participate in the labor movement and the government agreed to allow it.

I believe that the trade unions are a very potent force for change. But at the same time I would like to make it very clear that there are many tensions and disagreements among the unions. For instance, some trade unions want to be racially mixed, some want to be black trade unions; some trade unions want to be officially registered, others say they will not register. There are so many dichotomies that, apart from stating the potential of trade unions as a powerful force for change, one cannot say they will proceed along this or that path. Clearly they have not yet set their own houses in order.

There are, of course, some trade-union leaders who have been harassed by the government. Some have been charged with various things; some have been detained without trial.

Q: Is Inkatha helping or encouraging the emergence of these trade unions?

Buthelezi: I have for many years been a crusader for trade unions. I was actually the chancellor of the Institute of Industrial Records, based in Durban. I served in that capacity until the institute was dismantled when trade union rights were granted to black people. So I am not a newcomer to the labor scene.

In fact, some trade unions asked me to launch them; the catering trade union as well as a branch of FOSATU (the Federation of South African Trade Unions). Of course, some trade unions are being manipulated by political opponents outside South Africa who would like to distance the trade-union movement from us. Nonethe-

less, we have a good working relationship, for instance, with the black-led Confederation of Unions of South Africa.

Q: The white South African establishment produces a great deal of rhetoric about the Communist threat. Do you agree that Communism poses a substantial threat in South Africa?

Buthelezi: We think it's just a "bogey" really. The average South African's fear of Communism is obsessive. I do not see Communism as an immediate threat. The immediate threat to peace in South Africa is apartheid and racism, not Communism.

The regime seeks to whip up feelings and frighten people with talk of a "Communist onslaught" in order to justify defense expenditures and military conscription. But I have always said that I do not believe Communism is an immediate threat to South Africa.

Q: Are you not troubled by the Cuban and Soviet presence in southern Africa?

Buthelezi: I am not troubled. The Russians have always been in Tanzania and Zambia to aid in the construction of the Tanzam line, for instance, yet our people have not become Communists as a result. Regarding the continent as a whole, I just don't think that Africans are Communist inclined. As far as I'm concerned, the presence of Russians and Cubans is of no consequence at all.

Q: You have always been a proponent of unified action by anti-apartheid forces. Does this also encompass the African National Congress (ANC), which has at times criticized your actions? Does the significant attention given by the Western press to the ANC reflect the extent of the ANC's influence in South Africa?

Buthelezi: You are correct in asserting that I have always said that apartheid is living on borrowed time, time made available only thanks to discords and disputes among organizations. But having said this, when you mention the ANC, you must go on to define what is meant by the

ANC. I myself was a member of the African National Congress before it was banned [in 1960]. The President of the ANC at that time, the late Chief Albert Luthuli, then established an external mission headed by Mr. Oliver Tambo. Ever since the ANC has not operated in South Africa. But the majority of us, who were members of the ANC, are still in South Africa. And the majority of these ANC members are members of Inkatha today. Inkatha is founded on the same ideals propounded by the founding fathers of the ANC in 1912.

Today, the External Mission of the ANC is represented in the Western media as the sole voice of black people in South Africa. I have no problems with what the ANC External Mission is doing abroad because they have done a magnificent job at international forums such as the United Nations and the Organization for African Unity. But I think it wrong to assume that they and they alone are the spokesmen for the black people of South Africa. It is impossible for us to operate as the ANC in South Africa. That's why I founded Inkatha—for the sole purpose that people need to be mobilized and organized in South Africa. We cannot wait for the day when the government might "unban" the ANC and force us to start from scratch.

So when you ask if the concept of unified action extends to the ANC, I must say that I have never had any problem with the External Mission. In the past I have met with members of its Executive. More recently, Oliver Tambo and his associates have been attacking me for reasons best known to themselves. As far as I'm concerned, there should be cooperation even if we believe in different strategies. But they think otherwise. They feel that anything, any organizing of people which they do not control, is a threat to themselves.

Unfortunately, the liberation of black people of South Africa is only delayed by all this infighting. I look upon it, ultimately, as a foundation for civil wars, as we can see in other parts of southern Africa.

Q: One basis for some differences between you and the ANC might be your views on economics. Although you have argued against unrestrained capitalism, you are a proponent of a free-market option for South Africa. Is there support among blacks for your economic vision?

Buthelezi: I have no economic vision. I am not an ideologue; I am a pragmatic politician. I think that our first task is the liberation of black people, and I do not want to get lost in ideological battles.

As for the free-enterprise capitalist system, it has not made the black people of South Africa free. We are not part and parcel of it. But at the same time, when I see my people lining up for jobs in Johannesburg, Durban, and other metropolitan areas of South Africa, then I must say that my people vote with their feet for the capitalist system. I don't meet people who



are vocal about it but their actions tell me what they think about the capitalist system, despite its vagaries. I don't need to theorize about it. I have stated that it has many vagaries and if it doesn't change it has no future in a liberated South Africa. Yet at the same time the actions of my brothers in Mozambique and in Zimbabwe have actually supported my views.

Both President Samora Machel and Prime Minister Robert Mugabe are committed Marxists and yet they have conceded that they have to operate within the capitalist system out of necessity for the subsistence of their people. For all its faults, the free-enterprise system is the only system devised by man that is a potent force for development. In point of fact, President Machel has tens of thousands of his people working in South African mines because they need jobs. And Prime Minister Mugabe has indicated that he will trade even with the devil (i.e., South Africa) in the interests of his people. So when I express support for free enterprise it is not because I am rich or an entrepreneur. My views are dictated by what is best for the people of South Africa.

In fact, public opinion surveys have shown that the majority of black people support continued investment by Western capital. Earlier we spoke about black trade unions; there is not a single trade union which supports the policy of disinvestment. So I get my cues from ordinary people. The ordinary man-in-the-street in South Africa has never said he is for disinvestment.

Q: What would you say to Americans who sympathize with the struggle against apartheid and urge disinvestment by American corporations as a means of exerting pressure on the Botha regime?

Buthelezi: I am a spokesman for my people. I am a leader with a constituency. South Africa is undergoing a very serious recession. There is soaring unemployment. My people need jobs. They need money to buy clothing. They need money to educate their children. They need money for roofs over their heads. There are nearly half a million people around Durban who are squatters and who have no jobs. They live in a no-man's land.

So I cannot theorize about disinvestment. Others can afford to theorize in their board rooms or to write about it. I believe apartheid is a scourge that should be wiped off the face of the earth. But at the same time I do not believe that there will be any disinvestment. Pressure has brought about changes insofar as some corporations have moved in the direction of economic justice for black people. But disinvestment will never happen. It didn't happen in Zimbabwe. There you had a small economy and sanctions, but these were not observed, not even by the Soviet Union.

Q: You have argued that unless multinationals join in the struggle for liberty they will be making investments which will not pay off in the long run. How, then,

would you assess the overall performance of American and Western multinationals active in South Africa?

Buthelezi: I cannot speak for all of them. I can only say that it is my duty as a spokesman for my people to warn these

"...when I see my people lining up for jobs in Johannesburg, Durban, and other metropolitan areas of South Africa, then I must say that my people vote with their feet for the capitalist system."

corporations. I know that some U.S. corporations have tried to follow the Sullivan code (which I supported because I felt it was a form of pressure that could help my people attain economic justice).^{*} But I can't judge whether they are all adhering to it. We have no money to

^{*}The Sullivan code was drafted in 1977 for U.S.-based multinational corporations by the Rev. Leon Sullivan, a black minister from Philadelphia who serves on the board of directors of General Motors. The code (which is self-enforced) calls for the elimination of "all vestiges of racial discrimination" at the workplace, and for desegregation of "all eating, comfort, and work facilities"; provides for equal pay for comparable work, and "equitable wages"; requires the development of training programs; supports "the rights of Blacks to form or belong to government-registered trade unions"; and urges "increasing the number of blacks and other non-whites in management and supervisory positions."

By 1980 the code had been adopted by nearly 150 U.S. corporations, including most of the major U.S. firms operating within South Africa. Codes of corporate conduct are also in force for British corporations and for corporations from the European Economic Community. —A.K.

monitor their activities. I don't have sufficient information.

Q: How would you compare the Reagan Administration's South Africa policy to the Carter Administration's?

Buthelezi: When the Reagan Administration took office and began warming up to South Africa, I thought at first that it was a good thing. I happen to believe that the "leper treatment" sometimes does not work. South African whites enjoy being persecuted; it gives them a stimulus for clinging to one another and acting in ways we do not wish them to act. Excluding them from the international community only strengthens their persecution complex and does not make them conducive to change.

But because the Reagan Administration has been preoccupied with the Namibian issue, today I cannot say that its policies have helped very much. I do not know what trade-offs have been made between Pretoria and Washington over Namibia, but from our point of view, the South African government hasn't done anything to change the fundamental situation. Basically, the constitutional proposals of the Prime Minister are a retrogressive step.

Q: I would like to conclude by asking you a more philosophical, or perhaps moral, question. Are you troubled by the wide spread absence of democracy in Africa and in the Third World?

Buthelezi: I am troubled about it. The racists in South Africa use this as a club with which to hammer us. They always use this as a pretext for arguing that if we had majority rule and there were a preponderance of blacks in government it would be the end of democracy.

The West should act to aid democracy in Africa, but the biggest enemy of Africa is poverty. So long as Africa remains impoverished I don't think you can have justice, for there is nothing more de-meaning than poverty.



Taki

POLITIQUE INTERNATIONALE: WHAT PRICE OIL?

The truth about Palestine.

I never thought I'd find myself in the same position as Britain's half-million Jews, infuriated by careless talk of genocide and by the strong anti-Israeli line taken by Margaret Thatcher's government. The British media have been more damning of Israel's clean-up in Lebanon than any other media in Europe (which does not include the olive republic of Greece, where the Prime Minister and the press have consistently likened the Israeli action in Lebanon to Nazi actions against the Jews in the death camps). The Labour Party's newspaper, the *Herald*, went so far as to run a cartoon headlined "The Final Solution," depicting Menachem Begin in a Gestapo uniform giving the Nazi salute over a heap of corpses.

That the Labour Party would suggest such a thing is hardly surprising. After all, these are the very people who rather than cross a picket line favor leaving cancer patients to die in agony—in fact, have been known to turn off the electricity of hospitals whose staff had crossed picket lines. But that a Margaret Thatcher would be unwilling to harness her government's anti-Semitism, this is astonishing indeed. Because that is what it all boils down to, dear *American Spectator* readers. Good old-fashioned English anti-Semitism, and, of course, good old-fashioned English love for the almighty Arab petrodollar. The Arabs, needless to say, have mounted an almost textbook disinformation campaign in the British media. It is two-pronged: subtle hints by major advertisers to proprietors, and financial encouragement to banks and other such institutions to aid people who are pro-Arab and anti-Israeli.

In London, moreover, where the Jewish community is at full strength, the love of Arab money seems to have caused a few rich Jews to forget their Jewishness. In a recent conversation with David Garth, the media consultant, Evelyn Rothschild, the head of Rothschild's bank in London, and an otherwise fine fellow, called Begin a terrorist for having blown up the King

David Hotel in Jerusalem 35 years ago. "But at least he called and gave warning," was Garth's reply.

Although Margaret Thatcher's background is as ordinary as her leadership is outstanding and courageous, the members of her government are most of them products of the old boys network, that group for whom nothing is more important than what one was, what one's background and family are, what school one attended, and in what regiment one served. Three ex-cabinet ministers I know, all three titled and extremely rich, have compared Begin to the Führer, with the latter coming out a bit more favorably. This traditional British anti-Semitism is helped along by the Oxbridge brigade's traditional liberalism. As a friend of mine, son of one of the above ministers, pointed out, "All these thirties

graduates either are trying to bugger you or are sending classified material to the Russians."

Just across the channel, in France, where the press and television are infiltrated with hardcore leftists, it's a wonder that France, or rather Mitterrand, has managed to maintain diplomatic relations with Jerusalem. The French anti-Israeli campaign, however, has been more subtle. The editorial writers know of the traditional French dislike of the the Arabs, as well as the power of France's 700,000-strong Jewish community. A community, I might add, which has stuck by Begin and the Israeli armed forces.

Germany, for obvious reasons, has not been too vociferous about Israel, although the Greens and publications like *Der Spiegel* continue to discredit anyone who is pro-Israeli. Their favorite method is reprinting verbatim planted items that have appeared in East Germany. As German law provides that reprinting a libelous item does not constitute libel, they pretty much have a free hand to write anything.

But it is over here, in America, that I have found the most surprising anti-Beginism, and among the eastern liberal establishment, of all places. Except it does not surprise me at all. I always knew that if it ever came to a choice between Jewishness and radicalism, the pointy heads would jump to rid themselves of the former. And the Palestinians do offer the perfect and perpetual underdog for the trendy eggheads. Until the early seventies it was the Holocaust, the Rosenbergs, and Vietnam. Now the Palestinians have replaced the Jews as the world's victims. They are, most important of all, *fashionable*. In fact I expect any day now for Lenny Bernstein to throw a party for George Habbash. James Abourezk, a former senator (fortunately) and at present a lobbyist for the Arabs in Washington, recently won an award in Leipzig, East Germany, for a documentary he produced and directed on the Israeli bombing of unarmed civilians. "We felt that the



Taki Theodoracopulos is The American Spectator's European editor.

terrible crime perpetrated against the Lebanese and Palestinian people should not be forgotten," was Abourezk's excuse for the phoniest production since the Moscow Olympics. Needless to say, it conveniently forgot to mention the fact that 100,000 Lebanese had died before the Israeli invasion, all at the hands of the fashionable ones.

So, before Noam Chomsky or anybody of his ilk throws a party for the Katiusha set, let us get a few things straight. Or rather, let us remind ourselves of certain facts that seem to have escaped the attention of our trendy pontificators:

First and foremost, the world's conscience seems to forget that the Palestinians, who were displaced in 1948 and still live in cramped wretched conditions, have only their Arab brethren to thank. Their very own people, their co-religionists, the leaders of the rich Arab states, have kept these dreadful camps full for political purposes. The camps provide them with terrorists and remind the world of Israel's "crime" of 1948. Clearly, the only thing the Arabs stint in is compassion for these people. Not on guns, or blond hookers.

Second, Transjordan, the name of a river given to the emirate that until 1922 was a British protectorate, is Palestine. Transjordan was 80 percent of the land mass of Palestine. In 1946 the British named Hussein's grandfather king of Transjordan. In 1948 Hussein became king and named his country Jordan. Hussein and his tribe, brought out of Arabia by the Brits, are in fact the only people in Jordan who are not Palestinians. In September 1970 Hussein saved his throne by killing more than 15,000 Palestinians. I predict that within five years he will have to kill more to hang on to his throne.

Third, Israel and Lebanon lived in perfect harmony until the Palestinians were kicked out by Hussein and decided to take over Lebanon. The world tolerated its disintegration, occupation by Syria, and collapse into quasi-feudal baronies, but now demands an Israeli withdrawal from the "sovereign" state of Lebanon. That Lebanon was and is as sovereign as San Marino seems of no importance.

Fourth, and last, the PLO and their plight do not deserve the consideration of Israel. The PLO's only purpose—its avowed purpose—is the destruction of the Jewish state. Perhaps Harvard can grant the terrorists some lands, but Israel should and will not. The PLO has forfeited the right by killing too many innocent people. (Or perhaps Felix Rohatyn, the foppish next Democratic secretary of the treasury, should divert some Lazard Frères funds to Palestine. If Rohatyn is so concerned about Palestinian rights, as he never fails to remind us while conducting business with rich Arabs, he should tell his Saudi friends to put them up. The latter have

lots of space and very few Bedouins.)

Finally, Khomeini's rantings I believe are about to sweep the Moslem world. When Henry Kissinger visited King Fahd recently, he was allowed to speak with the Minister of Defense only in the presence of high-ranking generals. Fahd admitted to Kissinger that the salad days of the pro-Western princes were over. "My army is de facto pro-Khomeini," is what he told our Henry.

This can mean only one thing: soon we will have no friends in the Arab world. Which is not necessarily a bad thing. Remember, the argument used against Begin by the Left is that we are alienating pro-Western governments by our support of Israel. I say bull. Qaddafi was too scared to raise the price of his oil until he saw our "friends" the Saudis and the Shah squeeze the last dollar for their black root of all evil. I also say that Moslems can never be friendly to Westerners because the Moslem religion just about forbids it. The rich playboys we see running around with hookers are hardly typical of the Arabs, an extremely rigid people who make Jerry Falwell seem like Larry Flynt by comparison. Lastly, the only thing the Arabs, friendly or unfriendly, understand is if we are unequivocally behind Israel's armed forces. Anything else is wishful thinking. The Arab is like the German used to be: either at your feet or at your throat. *C'est tout.* □

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Lewis H. Lapham

THE LOVE SONG OF JAMES EARL CARTER

1982's worst book.

This is very special. The winner of our J. Gordon Coogler Award for the year's worst book is a former President of the United States of America. The thing was inevitable. Jimmy was President. He wrote his memoirs. As Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel used to say, Timothy Dickinson tells me, what is had to be.

Yet you ask. Why have Lewis Lapham review this work? Why did I not take on the ceremony myself? In 1976, as editor of Harper's magazine, Lewis Lapham was present at the creation, so to speak, and for four years he was duly indignant. Few shared his insight. In point of fact, only one other editor and one other magazine approached his astuteness and persevered in abominating the ignoble high jinks of Jimmy Carter throughout the rogue's brief and absurd public life. Humility and good taste restrain me from mentioning the editor and his magazine.

Though Lyndon Johnson's presidency may have been the most disastrous of the century, it is now irrefutable that Jimmy Carter was the century's worst President. Nonetheless through all his shabby pratfalls only Harper's and that other magazine that I shall not mention continued to jeer and to gasp. Others came to Lapham's position, but slowly; and few maintained the watch to the end. Most pundits remained silent, and they remain silent still. Toward the end, Lapham and that other editor who must remain anonymous were frequently being rebuked by the mature adults among the intelligentsia. "Come, come," they would be told. "He is the only President we have," or "He is sooooo smart," or "We all know about Carter. Pick another ax to grind." Well, if everybody knew about Jimmy's pathetic presidency, why is no one writing about it today? Why to the contrary do so many persist in rolling out the same dubious

Lewis H. Lapham is the former editor of Harper's and a columnist for the Washington Post, who is also engaged in writing a book about the superstitious worship, especially virulent in the United States, of money.

conventional wisdoms about the scamp? In the New York Times Book Review's assessment of Jimmy's memoirs, the Times's former White House correspondent even repeated the tired myth that this transparent fraud is "an enigma."

Well, of course Jimmy was the Times's candidate. In fact, he was the candidate of all polite pundits, and by endlessly repeating the old fables about his prodigies they can spare themselves the pain of self-indictment. The pundits live in a fantasy world where all is bliss and gorgeous celebrity. The jolly times never end. Thus when Jimmy shambled out from the boondocks the giants of our time would not see him for the fantastic figure he was. He intoned their platitudes, and they were reassured. To this day the giants of our time cannot and will not recognize the damage he did. Mr. Lapham, it is your show. —RET

During his four years in the White House Jimmy Carter kept a faithful diary. An eager and voluminous diary. A lover's diary five-thousand pages long and bound in eighteen precious volumes. He made so many notes that it is a wonder he had time



to do anything else. Apparently he was forever writing in a corner, jotting down his thoughts and observations, preserving his impressions of historic moments. An idealist or a Republican might say that this was not a proper occupation for the President of the United States, but so stern a judgment would fail to make sympathetic allowance for the Wagnerian magnificence of Mr. Carter's passion. He was writing about himself, and the subject so captivated him, so consumed him with the fires of love, that he abandoned himself to it in the way that lesser men abandon themselves to their enthusiasms for stamps or butterflies or Civil War cannon.

Now that Mr. Carter has made a book of his diary, an adoring memoir entitled *Keeping Faith*,* the notes read like a collection of letters sent from scout camp. Arranged in chronological sequence, they tell the story of a boy and his mirror. The young and upright Jimmy Carter goes north to Washington, and there among the cruise missiles and the cherry blossoms, he has a wonderful time. He meets wonderful and important people; he thinks wonderful thoughts (some of them statesmanlike, others merely warm and human); he travels to romantic, far-off lands; he lives in an old and famous house; sometimes he is sad, but most of the time he is happy and brave. Once or twice he saves Western civilization.

The book continues in this voice for 596 pages, and except for Jimmy Carter's mother I don't know who could bear to read the whole of the correspondence. Presumably it is his mother that Mr. Carter has in mind as his perfect reader, and I'm sure that she also enjoyed looking at the candid snapshots (Jimmy in the Oval Office, Jimmy at Camp David, Jimmy among dignitaries, etc.) stuffed into the pages like blurred photographs of the camp baseball and swimming teams. For the purposes of a review, it is enough to read the first sixty-two pages (all of them introductory and advertised under the heading, "A Graduate Course in America"), and then

*Bantam Books, \$22.50.

to look at random through the rest of the collection. The tone never varies, nor does the scout's unfailing ability to achieve a subtlety of perspective comparable to that seen on a postcard of the Lincoln Memorial.

The scout concedes in his preface that he has no wish to write "a history of my administration." Not only would this be too difficult and boring a task, but, even worse, it might interrupt the diarist's elegiac contemplation of himself. Instead of a history he writes what he calls "a highly personal report of my own experiences" because he wants to share (certainly with his mother and maybe with a few other ladies in Plains, Georgia who wonder how he's doing up there in Washington) the "feelings of gratitude and pleasure" that he has gathered as keepsakes during his visit to the nation's capital.

The opening chapter is meant to be a dramatic account of Mr. Carter's last few hours in office. It is the morning on which his agents arrange to transfer almost \$8 billion through the Bank of England in return for the release of the American hostages in Teheran. Given the events in question, another writer might have endowed the scene with liveliness and force. Mr. Carter reduces it to dullness by the simple expedient of staging the action in the theatre of his emotions. What is important is the play of the scout's feelings, not what is happening in Algeria, England, Germany, or Iran. Nobody else in the room attains the status of reality, and before he has gotten to page eight, Mr. Carter has reverted to extensive quotation from his beloved diary. At 1:50 a.m. he begins "jotting down some rough notes." The presidential stenography continues unabated for four pages until 10:45 a.m., when, "from Rosalynn: 'Jimmy, the Reagans will be here in fifteen minutes. You will have to put on your morning clothes and greet them.'"

During the intervening eight hours and fifty-five minutes Mr. Carter has jotted down twenty-five dutiful notes, and the reader is left to ask who, if Mr. Carter was serving as recording angel, was acting the part of President? The notes reveal the temper of the scout's mind. As for example:

7:55 a.m. . . . I am personally receiving reports on radio traffic halfway around the world—between the Teheran airport control tower and three planes poised at the end of a runway. The airport is on the outskirts of the capital city of Iran, and only a few months ago it was one of the busiest in the world:

I would like to think that Mr. Carter revised this entry when getting it ready for the printer, augmenting the excitement of "I am personally receiving reports" with the geopolitical dimension provided in the phrase, "The airport is on the outskirts of the capital city of Iran," but I'm afraid that

the notation appears as Mr. Carter wrote it that morning in the White House, holding the telephone in one hand and scribbling notes with the other in order that his mother should be apprised of momentous events until the very end, until finally Rosalynn had to come and tell him that scout camp is over and that it is time to go home.

I quote the passage at length because it offers a fair example of Mr. Carter's

method as well as the sound of his complacency. Whenever possible, he mistakes the novelties of technology for the substance of diplomacy; because he can listen to an air traffic controller "halfway around the world," he thinks he has become fully informed across the entire spectrum of Islamic affairs.

On page 19 the scout establishes the major key of pious self-approbation in which he composes the rest of his ballad to

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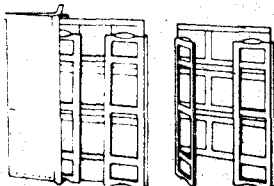
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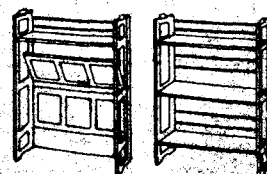
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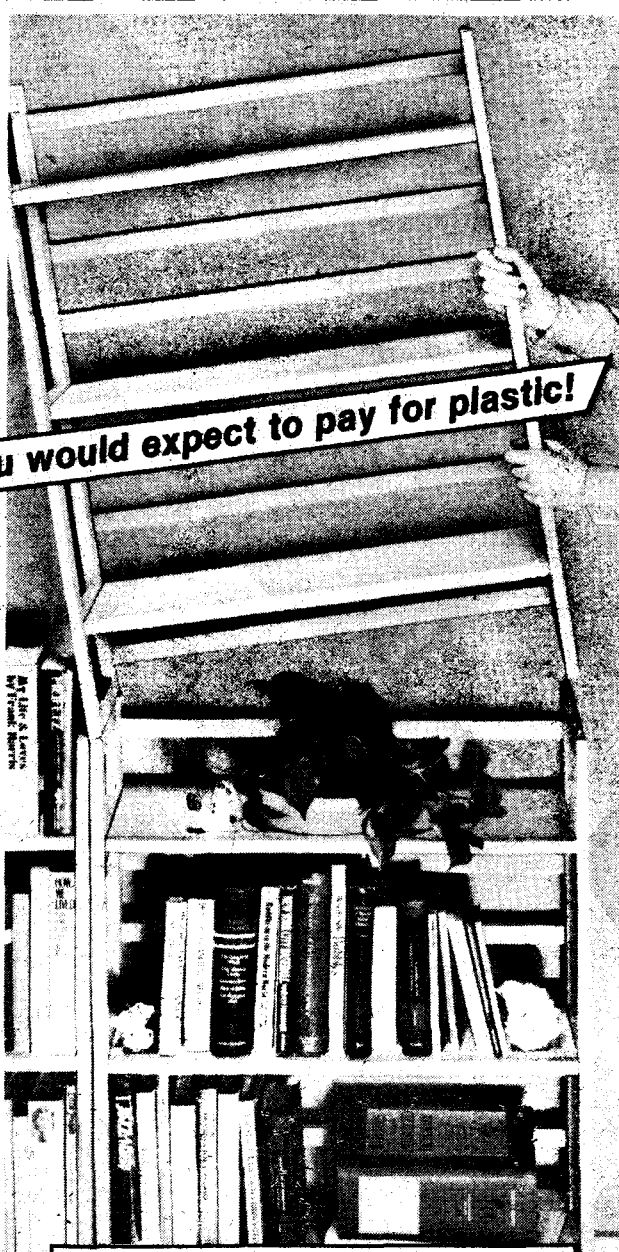


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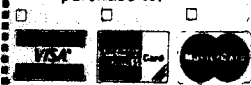
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the lost loveliness of the Carter Administration. He is describing his wonderful, wonderful inauguration day, and as he and his wife "approached our new home," he remembers the following colloquy:

I told Rosalynn with a smile that it was a nice-looking place. She said, "I believe we're going to be happy in the White House." We were silent for a moment, and then I replied, "I just hope that we never disappoint the people who made it possible for us to live here." Rosalynn's prediction proved to be correct, and I did my utmost for four solid years to make my own hope come true.

On page 23 he completes the sentiment:

As we walked through the living quarters on my first day as President, we were properly awestruck—but comfortable, and at home.

Within the span of the next 39 pages the scout effectively destroys his credibility as a witness to anything other than his own innocence. He compares himself, flatteringly, to President Wilson, and then, a few pages later, he expands the comparison to embrace Presidents Jefferson, Madison, and Jackson. He confides to his diary the thrilling experience of seeing his first movie in the White House; he admires his humility as exemplified in his wanting a policy of "no Ruffles and Flourishes or honors being paid to me"; feeling slightly sheepish, he confesses to the pleasure in hearing the military bands play "Hail to the Chief." The technological luxuries available to the President move him to little cries of wonder and delight. He is as pleased with "the quality of the notes" (i.e., the memoranda prepared by the household clerks) as he is with "the procedures for responding to nuclear attack." The same Christmas shopper's mentality animates his discussion of the men whom he chooses to serve on his staff and in his Cabinet. Into none of their characters does he evince the least glimmering of an insight. Ham and Jody and Charlie and Bert, of course, he knows from the old days in Georgia; these wonderful

fellows professed their belief in Jimmy Carter before he was elected President, and so obviously there can be no question about their worth and talent. His Cabinet officials he looks upon as items of elite merchandise. He chooses them because of their titles and credentials, because he has seen them advertised in the pages of the *New York Times* and the catalogues published by the Trilateral Commission, the Aspen Institute, and the Council on Foreign Relations. The scout collects the ornaments of the policy-making establishments in the way that twelve-year-old boys collect the portraits of baseball heroes found in packages of bubble gum. He thinks of them as giants, as leaders, as Very Important People who have been to NATO and the Bohemian Grove. It never occurs to him that he is dealing, almost without exception, with the personifications of the same toadying mediocrity that distinguished the administrations of Presidents Nixon and Ford. Impressed by the merit badges sewn on the sleeves of the older scouts, the diarist marvels at their sophisticated banter with the camp counselors. He conceives of Zbigniew Brzezinski as "a first-rate thinker" and a master of expository prose. Mr. Brzezinski undoubtedly possesses many talents, but thinking and writing, at least in English, are not among them. To the scout this is unimportant. He believes what he reads on the labels, and it is enough that Brzezinski can find Czechoslovakia on a map.

By the time he comes to page 54 the scout has persuaded himself that he knows most of what needs to be known about "history, politics, international events and foreign policy." He tells his diary that he likes nothing better than to sit around with "Ham and Jody and Zbig," talking wonderfully important talk about the fate of mankind. He's been at camp for little more than a month, hardly time enough to unpack his catcher's mitt, but already he can "disagree strongly and fundamen-

tally" on questions of state; already he has become the peer of Kissinger and Castle-reagh, and guess what, Mama, these Very Important People, these veteran scouts who can read a menu in French, they nod and smile and listen to what he has to say. All of it is pretty big-time stuff, Mama, for a boy who, before coming north, thought that history was for girls.

"Next to the members of my family," he explains in one of his letters home, "Zbig would be my favorite seatmate on a long-distance trip; we might argue, but I would never be bored."

And then, of course, there was Fritz and Cy—the most expensive objects displayed in the catalogues. Wonderful, wonderful Fritz Mondale who was a man of such stature, and Cy, good old decorous Cy. About Cy, the scout can't say enough.

Among all the members of my official Cabinet, Cy Vance and his wife, Gay, became the closest personal friends to Rosalynn and me. He and I were to spend many good times together—talking, fishing, skiing, playing tennis—as well as the less enjoyable hours negotiating a Middle East settlement and praying for the hostages.

Later in the camp term the scout humiliates Cy in a particularly nasty and mean-spirited way, but this is Cy's fault, and by that time the scout has taken to referring to him simply as Vance.

On page 39 the scout briefly addresses the dilemma of nuclear war and responds with his customary self-satisfaction:

I wanted to understand our defense organization . . . and my myriad special responsibilities in the control and potential use of atomic weapons. This is a sobering duty of the chief executive of our country, and every serious candidate for this office must decide whether he is capable of using or willing to use nuclear weapons if it should become necessary in order to defend our country. Under those circumstances, I was ready to perform this duty.

That's about as far as the scout gets with the question, which, fortunately for all concerned, doesn't exceed the moral capacities required of a first-year camper. Nor does the scout have much trouble making decisions. On page 57 he explains that once he had found his way to the lake and athletic fields, he felt pretty confident with the camp routine.

I realized that my ability to govern well would depend upon my mastery of the extremely important issues I faced. I wanted to learn as much as possible and devoted full time to it, just as I had done as a young submarine officer, a businessman, a governor and a political candidate running against enormous odds to be elected President.

Because he "devoted full time to it," the scout assumes that he has reached complete understanding. How could it be otherwise? The scout believes that his time is not like other men's time, that he has been blessed with omniscience and grace. He also enjoys a close and long-standing acquaintance with God, to whom he "prayed a lot—more than ever before in



V. S. PRITCHETT on The Folio Society

A year or two ago I overheard a bibliophile mutter 'Reader' with disappointment as he sniffed along my chaotic bookshelves. Of course! Not only a reader, but a re-reader, for a writer's books are the tools of his trade. Most of my books are serviceable: there is the occasional gleam of an elegant production, but there is a lot of the reach-me-down bought out of my wages when I was young, and some – like my French and Spanish, though not my Russian – are getting tatty and my eyesight is not up to the grey print of modern replacements. The sharp decline in so much of our present printing and our binding seems to me one more sign of the decline in the honour in which a literary culture was once held. It is because The Folio Society restores this honour to literature and its authors that I am more than eager to speak for them.



Drawing by Quentin Blake from *Scoop*

When I think of getting a new copy of a book that has been pinched from my shelves – Lermontov's *A Hero of Our Time* or Helen Waddell's *The Wandering Scholars* for example – I know now where to look for a distinctive edition worthy of the author and of my trade. I am no bibliophile. I do not chase first editions. I want to do the authors honour because they have lasted, whether they are major, minor or eccentric figures. All are links in the chain: no minor writers, no major writers. We learn from one another at random.

My stolen Lermontov, that marvellous Russian short story, *A Hero of Our Time*, seminal to the Russian and indeed European short story, was school-bookish. In Folio it is elegant but not arty: like all Folio's editions it is intelligently introduced and in this case lithographs by Dodie Masterman evoke the romantic Byronic tale. The Folio volumes have revived and reconsidered the Victorian art of illustration. My Turgenev's were good but small and worn. The Folio edition of his *Fathers and Sons* is graceful, suited to the delicate master of Russian prose, who was above all a man of taste himself: here again the lithographs of Janos Kass add their comment on the manners of his society. There is also a collection of six



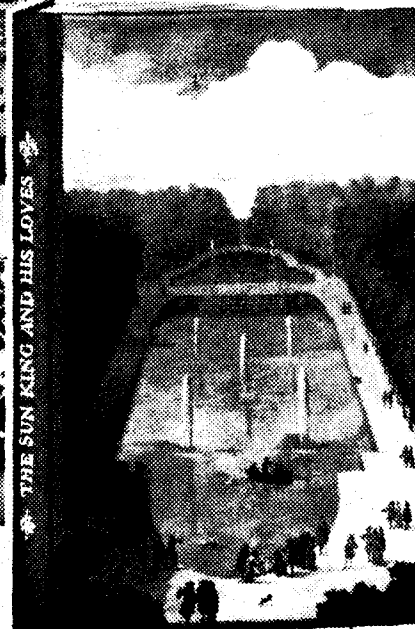
Turgenev stories. Five are certainly his best: *The Superfluous Man*, *Mumu*, *King Lear of the Steppes*, *Asya*, *First Love*. The sixth, Turgenev's last tale, *The Song of Triumphant Love*, has irritated or bewildered many critics, including Richard Freeborn the present translator, who speculates on Turgenev's 'elderly experiments in the occult and Oriental. To my ear this tale has chiefly a biographical interest: I suspect it of starting as one of those fanciful operettas he used to write as a doubtful compliment to the singer Pauline Viardot who tormented him.

There are finds. Two years ago I needed to look at one of Trollope's short stories, particularly *Lotte Schmidt*, so well spoken of. Impossible to find a copy outside the British Museum, but here it is in the Folio *The Two Heroines of Plumplington*, introduced by Julian Symons. At last, too, I can get Bewick's *My Life*: there is an incurable amateur naturalist in English readers, but I want it for the exquisite engravings. And then there are books one ought to have known and which I know now I shall never read but which some younger maniac might jump at. One tantalises me with the memory of an irrecoverable impulse. I was mad about the Fall of Granada when I was thirteen. I even wrote 150 pages of a novel on the subject at that time. Why didn't I know of Diego Hurtado de Mendoza's eyewitness report *The War in Granada*? How sad.

But Folio does strike a balance between the old and the new, the solid and the esoteric. Classics like *Pickwick Papers* and *Our Mutual Friend* need to look new to the taste of later generations: and the great English gift for comedy and satire has its moderns like Stella Gibbons' wicked fun with the rustic novels of the T.F. Powys period, *Cold Comfort Farm*. Like Waugh's *Scoop* and *Black Mischief*, Huxley's *Brave New World*, Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin*, they deserve their commemoration. In the Twenties, privately-printed editions played an important part in drawing attention to new writing and the established. Folio does this for us now.



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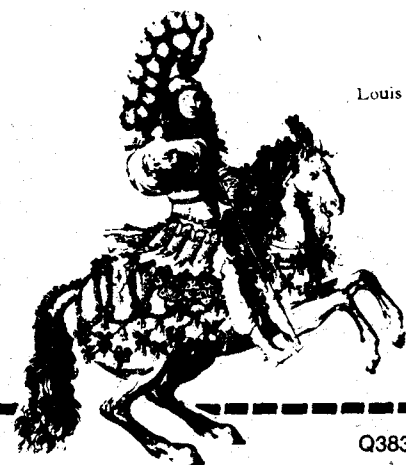
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my life." The alliance between his own sublime competence and God's political tips removed from his mind "any possibility of timidity or despair." Thus he could make quick work of the business of state ("option papers describing the choices I had to make rarely stayed on my desk overnight") and get back to the more urgent and poetic task of writing bulletins to his diary.

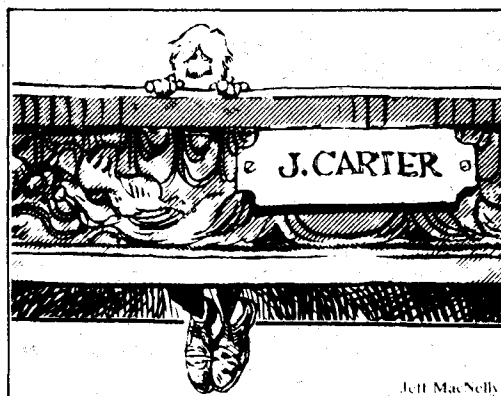
It isn't that Mr. Carter perjures himself in the first sixty-two pages of his memoirs but rather that he shows himself so incapable of self-knowledge that his words lose all hope of relation to the events he chooses to describe. Except as the odd expression of mind afflicted with terminal narcissism, how is it possible to accept the testimony of a man who believes that the White House is a fun and comfortable place, that Zbigniew Brzezinski is a first-rate thinker, that the arts of government devolve automatically, with the desk and the telephone system, on the occupant of the Oval Office?

If any doubts remain as to Mr. Carter's delusions of moral grandeur, he puts them to rest with the repeated references to himself as "a populist," i.e., a humble man of the people winning the prize of the presidency against the all but insuperable obstacles raised against him by the northern and eastern establishments. This is so ludicrous a misstatement of the facts that it changes the venue of Mr. Carter's self-serving fictions from the arena of political chicanery to the amphitheatre of clinical pathology. As a populist, Mr. Carter was a fraud. In the campaigns of 1976 he enjoyed the full faith and backing not only of the northern media but also of the eastern financial interests. He was the candidate boomed by the *New York Times*, by *Time* magazine, by David Rockefeller's Trilateral Commission, by the entire apparatus of eager Democratic office-seekers who hoped for nothing better than a chance, after eight years of eating nuts and berries in the Republican wilderness, to return to the picnic tables of federal patronage. The Democrats that year lacked the moral and intellectual energy to go to the trouble of staging even the pretense of debate. What difference did it make? What was there to say except that it would be nice to be back in Georgetown? Against Gerald Ford, the heir presumptive to Richard Nixon's disgrace, the Democrats figured they could win with any candidate willing to spend the required period of time in Holiday Inns. Carter would do as well as anyone else, largely because the media had become enchanted by a fairy tale of their own invention in which Jimmy Carter appeared as the avatar of the old-fashioned rural virtues believed (at least among city folks) to reside in small towns. It was the bicentennial year, and the media were in a mood to listen to homespun sermons and country

guitars. To the editors of *Newsweek* Jimmy Carter looked like the political analogue of the Beverly Hillbillies and the Nashville Sound. The scout passed his preliminary examinations with people like Cyrus Vance and Douglas Dillon and Paul Austin, persuading those fine gentlemen on the admissions committee that he possessed the traditional southern qualities that William Faulkner attributed to the Snopes family—small-minded and mean, only too eager to do what he was told in order to protect the Yankee investment in the cotton fields. Two years later, after it became painfully obvious that the scout also believed his Sunday-school nonsense, the media turned away from him in scorn and disgust. By the autumn of 1979 Mr. Carter had become so peripheral a figure in American politics that he had to push his way into the locker room at the end of a World Series game in order to attract the notice of the television cameras. In November of that year he was rescued from oblivion by the divine intercession of Allah.

The chapter headings of *Keeping Faith* indicate that beyond page 62 the scout discusses China and Bert Lance and human rights and the energy crisis and the Panama Canal and Camp David and God knows how many other topics of pressing concern. I couldn't force myself to read the text. Neither would I willingly listen to a narrative of the Wilderness Campaign told to me by some poor soul imagining himself to be Ulysses S. Grant.

Glancing at the diarist's notes that continue throughout the book, I see that the scout persists with his relentless discovery of the obvious. Sometimes he marks the spot with an exclamation point. He learns that the press is irresponsible, that the Congress puts its private interests ahead of the public interest, that the Arabs and the Jews don't like each other, that the Russians have a lot of guns. Whenever something goes wrong, it is invariably somebody else's fault. Sen. Edward Kennedy prevents him from giving the country a wonderful, wonderful health-care program; Walter Sullivan, the American Ambassador in Teheran, causes him to suffer the agony of the hostage crisis; the Ayatollah deprives him of re-election in 1980; the American people fail him throughout his Administration because they concentrate too much on their own selfish interests and refuse to understand



that he had come among them as their saviour and redeemer.

All in all, despite the world's ingratitude, the scout still manages to have a wonderful time. Toward the end it gets a little hard to find enough people who properly appreciate the gift of his person. During his last week in the White House he presides at a banquet for the happy few who remain loyal to his vision of a world that might have been. The evening is a wonderful, wonderful success. After dinner the guests go into the ballroom to listen to John Raitt sing hit songs from *Carousel* and *Oklahoma!*; several of the guests come forward to whisper compliments into the scout's eager ear. Of these flatteries "the most memorable of all" is presented by Slava Rostropovich, the cellist recently arrived in the United States as an exile from the Soviet Union. The scout thinks the phrasing especially fine because Rostropovich is "a courageous man . . . and special friend of ours" who has suffered the cruelties of a police state and therefore knows what life is all about. The praise of Rostropovich is worth ten thousand times the praise of the *Washington Post*. So delighted is the scout with the music of the cellist's "heavily-accented" voice that he must have found it difficult to wait until everybody left before rushing upstairs to tell his diary the wonderful, wonderful news. The entry deserves to be quoted in its entirety:

Slava Rostropovich gave an excellent little speech at our table, pointing out that the masses of people were often wrong—that what was significant was the personal relationship that developed between leaders or performers or artists and others. He said that we had meant more than anyone in the United States to him and his family when they came here from the Soviet Union. He pointed out that the masses made a mistake on November the 4th, as they had when they rejected Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, rejected *La Traviata*, and in the first performance of *Tosca* the audience reacted against it so violently that they couldn't even raise the curtain for the third act. He said history was going to treat my administration the same way they did Verdi, Puccini, and Beethoven. It was beautiful.

Diary, January 13, 1981

This notation all but ends the scout's reverie; it appears on pages 593 and 594, in the place that a musical composition would reserve to the coda. Nothing more needs to be said about the deranged melody that Mr. Carter plays on his two-string banjo. I'm told that the book was accorded respectful reviews in the *New York Times*, the *New York Review of Books*, and a number of other journals supposedly interested in the direction of American politics. If this is true and not merely a vicious rumor put about by right-wing extremists, then the nation probably can look forward within the next few years to the election of a President capable of composing even crazier music for drums, cymbals, and atomic bomb. □



A NEW PLAN FOR EASTERN EUROPE

by Arch Puddington

This past fall an event took place that was unique in the annals of recent American foreign policy. Under the official auspices of the State Department, sixty or so academics, government officials, journalists, human rights advocates, and trade unionists were brought together at a conference designed, in the words of its sponsor, "to identify and develop means to promote democratic development under communist regimes." The conference was unique because, conventional assumptions to the contrary, the question of precisely what strategies might influence liberal change within the Soviet Empire has not been seriously considered by our government for many years.

To be specific, the goal of encouraging democratization in countries within the Soviet orbit was virtually abandoned after the failure of the Hungarian Revolution in 1956. As many here saw it, the uprising might not have come to so tragic an end had not the freedom fighters taken to heart the bold statements about roll-back and liberation enunciated by Secretary of State Dulles. In the crunch, no military aid was forthcoming from the democratic world; only expressions of sympathy, futile protestations in the United Nations, and sanctuary for refugees. Compounding the feelings of American shame was the fact that several irresponsible broadcasts over Radio Free Europe led the Hungarians to the mistaken belief that American troops were being dispatched to ensure the rebellion's success.

This unhappy experience gave rise to what has been called the Budapest Syndrome—a conviction that open American support for East European liberation movements will inevitably provoke massive Soviet retaliation. The attitudes enshrined in the Budapest Syndrome dominated the thoughts of our policymakers during

the next East European outburst, the 1968 Prague Spring. Neither the Johnson Administration nor, for that matter, human-rights organizations gave much in the way of support to the reformist forces around Alexander Dubček. It is true that the American people were preoccupied with various domestic traumas, one of which, the tumultuous Democratic convention, coincided with the invasion of Czechoslovakia by Warsaw Pact troops. Nevertheless, it is useful to recall, especially for those harboring lingering nostalgia for the sixties, that Eugene McCarthy explained his refusal to issue a forthright condemnation of Soviet aggression on the grounds that the Johnson Administration "had responded to the invasion as though it was a great international crisis" with an eye toward exploiting the Czech developments to consolidate support for its Vietnam policies. For McCarthy, then the champion of enhanced democracy at home, Soviet military action in its "sphere of influence" did not constitute a particularly noteworthy event.

As a French official put it, Czechoslovakia was a mere "traffic accident" on the road to détente.

Détente brought a new dimension to the debate over our relationship with the Communist world. To the notion that the United States could do nothing to stimulate reform through strategies predicated on unrelenting hostility to Communism was added a theoretical justification for a policy amounting to benign neglect. According to this thesis, the traditional image of Communism as a failed and despised system was badly flawed, and deserved to be jettisoned along with other relics from Cold War mythology. The people of Eastern Europe (and the Soviet Union), by and large and with the exception of a handful of intellectual malcontents, had come to accept their "socialist" system. A form of social contract had been forged between the Communist rulers and their subjects: no longer would total ideological conformity be demanded; economic growth and the

improvement of living standards would be the chief goals of the regime; workplace regimentation would be eased; religious, cultural, and artistic restrictions cautiously relaxed. In return, the people would refrain from questioning the Communists' monopoly of political, police, and economic power.

Moreover, so the détenteist perspective had it, if we were really interested in accelerating the pace of liberalization, the best thing we could do was to strengthen détente itself. In this way, a Soviet Union less suspicious of Western intentions would feel more inclined to permit the satellite regimes to initiate measures of cautious change. The East European regimes, in turn, would evolve in a more humanistic direction if for no other reason than to guarantee the uninterrupted flow of détente's economic fruits in the form of credits and advanced technology.

If these views did not command a consensus among academics and policymakers, they nonetheless were embraced by a large and influential group within the foreign policy establishment. Meanwhile, those who might have been inclined to question détenteism's tortured logic found themselves in a state of demoralized retreat, shaken by the collapse of Vietnam and the general weakening of America's position throughout the world. They also had to contend with an atmosphere in the foreign policy fraternity decidedly unfriendly to the raising of pointed questions about the wisdom of prevailing policies. Simply to employ phrases like "captive nations," "liberation" (when applied to the Communist world), or "totalitarianism" was to risk being treated with amused condescension as one mired in the discredited dogmas of the past.

Although many interpreted the election of Ronald Reagan as signaling the death knell for détente, subsequent events, most recently the response among Soviet specialists to the elevation of Yuri Andropov, suggest that this is not at all the case. Yet the theories which provided the



Arch Puddington is executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy and editor of Workers Under Communism.

intellectual underpinning for the economic and diplomatic initiatives of the Nixon, Ford, and Carter years have unquestionably been shaken. Here the most important factor has been the Polish crisis. Even with the forces around Solidarity in disarray, the Polish developments have simply been too momentous to be treated as yet another "traffic accident." Not only was Poland further evidence (as if we needed any) of the undiminished determination of the Soviets to maintain firm control over their imperial subjects; it was irrefutable proof of popular hatred for Communism, and this in a country which had been repeatedly held up as a model of enlightened Communism, the most singular example of détente's success.

A consequence of the Polish crisis has been a reopening of the debate over the possibilities of democratic change in the Soviet bloc, which brings us to the above-mentioned State Department Conference on Democratization in Communist Countries. A cornerstone of the Reagan candidacy was a determination to step up the ideological offensive against the Soviets. Although the President has recently muted the strong words which marked his first year in office (and which seemed to distress some Americans more than the Soviets), the Administration has nonetheless displayed a continuing interest in raising the banner of liberty around the world. At the same time, a proposal to institutionalize American participation in the war of ideas has been embraced by both the Republican and Democratic parties, along with the labor movement and elements of the business community.

The vehicle under discussion is an independent or quasi-governmental foundation that would provide various forms of assistance, presumably including financial, to pro-democratic political parties, publications, trade unions, and liberation forces in both the Communist and non-Communist worlds. This undertaking already has a name, the Democracy Program, and a director, Allen Weinstein, and is currently engaged in a study to determine the goals and strategies of such a project. Presumably, the findings will be determined in part on the basis of recommendations from such individuals as those who attended the conference on democratizing the Communist world.

The conference was worthwhile if only because it provided a platform for Vladimir Bukovsky to expound on

the strategies and tactics of ideological struggle. The *Nation* recently described Bukovsky as a "defector" from the Soviet Union, a characterization as factually inaccurate (Bukovsky, a political prisoner, was "exchanged" for the leader of the Chilean Communist Party in 1977) as it is politically squalid. Yet from the standpoint of the *Nation's* Popular Front mindset, the depiction of

Bukovsky as a kind of turncoat from the Communist mother country contains a kernel of "objective" accuracy. With the possible exception of Solzhenitsyn, Bukovsky is the most incisive critic of Soviet society now in the West. He is, moreover, strongly committed to the values of liberal democracy, and has written powerful analyses of the injustices suffered by workers and rural inhabitants under

the Soviet system. Like Yuri Andropov, Bukovsky understands the strengths and weaknesses of the West. He speaks fluent English, and has even taught himself to write in English. And he has taken on as a sacred mission the education of Western liberals about the threat Soviet Communism poses to the ideas they supposedly hold dear.

Bukovsky opened his remarks with

The Chromium Mechanism

The first comprehensive explanation of electrochemical activity during the plating of chromium has recently been formulated at the General Motors Research Laboratories. This understanding has aided in transforming chromium plating into a highly efficient, high-speed operation.

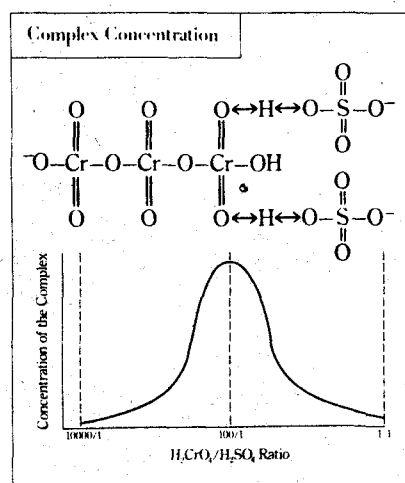
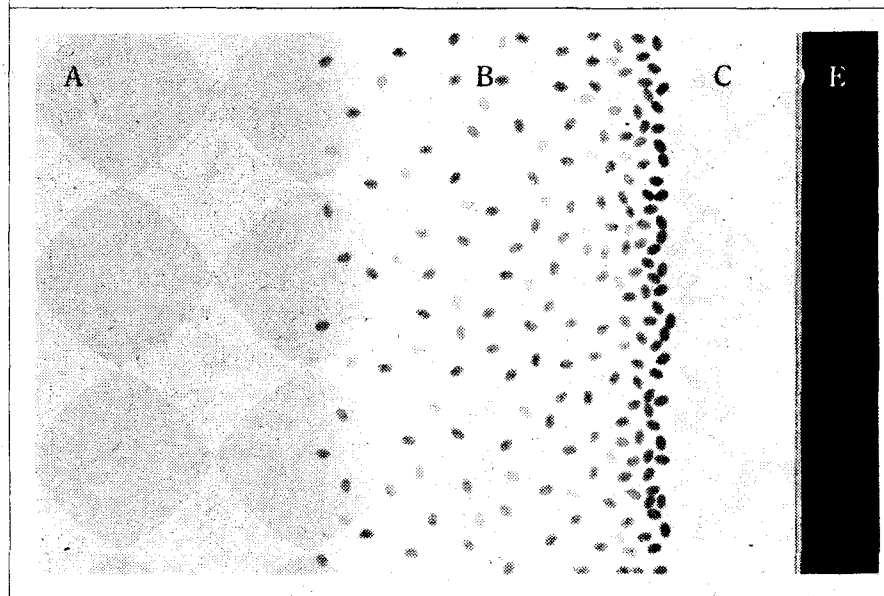


Figure 1: The electroactive complex and a theoretical plot of its concentration as a function of chromic acid to sulfuric acid ratio.

Figure 2: The electroactive complex diffuses from the bulk electrolyte solution (A) through the diffusion layer (B) to the Helmholtz double layer (C) to be discharged as metallic chromium (D) on the cathode (E) surface.



FOR MANY industrial applications, chromium coatings of more than 0.2 mil thickness are required for wear and corrosion resistance. But the conventional method of plating chromium is neither fast nor efficient. Nor, until the recent work of a GM researcher, had the steps involved in the century-old plating process been explained in detail. Through a combination of theory and experiment, Dr. James Hoare has devised the first comprehensive mechanism for chromium plating. This increased understanding has helped electrochemists at the General Motors Research Laboratories develop a system that plates chromium sixty times faster than the conventional method, while improving energy-efficiency by a factor of three.

The electrolyte for plating is

a chromic acid solution which contains various chromate ions: chromate, dichromate and trichromate. From a series of steady-state polarization experiments, Dr. Hoare concluded that trichromate is the ion important in chromium deposition.

Sulfuric acid has been recognized as essential to chromium plating and has been assumed by some to be a catalyst for the process. In this strongly acidic solution, sulfate should be mostly present as the bisulfate ion (HSO_4^-). Dr. Hoare found, contrary to expectations, that the addition of sulfuric acid to the plating bath decreased the conductivity of the solution.

Combining these findings with the results of previous investigations, Dr. Hoare concluded that the electroactive species was a trichromate-bisulfate complex (see Figure 1). From equilibrium considerations, he theorized that the maximum concentration of this species occurred at a 100-to-1 chromic acid/sulfuric acid ratio. The observation that the maximum rate of chromium deposition also occurred at this ratio supports the conclusion that this trichromate-bisulfate complex is the electroactive species.

During the plating process, the complex diffuses from the bulk solution toward the cathode (see Figure 2). Electron transport takes place by quantum mechanical tunneling through the potential energy barrier of the Helmholtz double layer and the unprotected chromium in the complex (Cr-atom

a few observations about the nature of the Soviet system and the necessity of ideological struggle. He noted that "we live in an era of ideological war and no war can be won by defensive means alone," that a limited, defensive strategy cannot stop the "ideological expansion of a system built for that purpose," that it would be dangerous to leave "the initiative in the hands of the aggres-

sor who is then free to create 'realities,' while the defender... will be obliged to recognize them," and that "the myth of the irreversible character of communist expansion exists because no one ever challenged it seriously."

Bukovsky then proceeded to spell out a long series of proposed actions which the United States could adopt to conduct an ideological offensive.

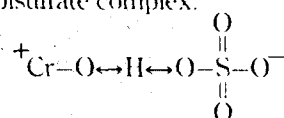
These ideas are radical, in that they would require drastic shifts in recent policy, including that of the current Administration. Yet Bukovsky is not an embittered exile, reflexively opposed to contacts with the East. He is, rather, a strategic thinker, who insists on applying a strict profit-and-loss standard to the most vaunted assumptions of détente. Indeed, it is Bukovsky's conviction that expanded

contacts can materially change the Soviet system, but only if those contacts involve ordinary Soviet citizens whose impressions of the West are otherwise limited to what they are told by the propaganda organs of the official media. Bukovsky thus urged that tourism and cultural exchanges be expanded, but only if the following conditions were met: (1) the numbers should be "too big [for the Soviets] to control"; (2) visitors to the USSR should be permitted to stay long enough to "prevent any falsification of impressions"; (3) Western visitors should be free to set their own itineraries; (4) those hosting cultural or scientific exchanges should be free to invite whomever they want; and (5) "any attempts by the Soviets to operate phony exchanges should be persistently rejected with the maximum publicity."

I mention the issue of exchanges because it so vividly exemplifies the illusions of détenteism, illusions which, as subsequent events demonstrated, are far from having been dispelled. There were, to be sure, a number of individuals on hand with distinguished records as critics of Communism, writers like Robert Conquest, Leopold Labedz, and Melvin Lasky, and dissident émigrés like Valery Chalidze, Jiří Pelikan, and Ludmilla Alexeyeva. The largest single group, however, consisted of American academics who specialize in the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe, or Communist regimes in the Third World. One of their number, Kenneth Jowett of the University of California, Berkeley, delivered one of the major papers on the prospects for democratization in Eastern Europe. His major recommendation: if the United States withdrew its troops from Western Europe the Soviets *might* be persuaded to allow a mild degree of liberalization in the satellites.

Although Jowett's position may have been extreme, many participants were clearly more comfortable with an approach emphasizing the limitations of what the West could accomplish than the more aggressive stance urged by Bukovsky. In a workshop devoted to democratic possibilities in Eastern Europe, much concern was expressed that recommendations avoid the taint of Cold Warriorism. A strange debate ensued over a suggestion to encourage sending to the Eastern bloc cassette recordings with political messages. This idea seemed especially dangerous to several participants on the grounds that the respective regimes might look on the enterprise as "provocative." Several stressed that it would be futile (and dangerous) to pursue the goal of complete democratization in the

on the left in Figure 1) loses electrons by successive steps, going from Cr^{+6} to Cr^{+2} . Decomposition of the resulting chromous dichromate complex takes place by acid hydrolysis to form a chromous oxybisulfate complex:



The positive end of this complex is adsorbed onto the cathode surface. Electrons are transferred from the cathode to the adsorbed chromium ion, forming metallic chromium and regenerating the $(\text{HSO}_4)^-$ ion. Thus, Dr. Hoare's mechanism explains how sulfuric acid, in the form of the bisulfate ion, participates in the plating process.

IT HAS long been known that chromium cannot be plated from a solution when initially present as Cr^{+3} because of the formation of the stable aquo complex, $[\text{Cr}(\text{H}_2\text{O})_6]^{+3}$. Yet chromium can be plated when initially present as Cr^{+6} even though it must pass through the Cr^{+3} state before being deposited. Dr. Hoare's mechanism handles this paradox by explaining that the chromium ion being deposited (on the left in Figure 1) is protected by the rest of the complex as it passes through the Cr^{+3} state, so that the stable aquo complex cannot form.

The diffusion of the electroactive complex apparently controls the rate of the process, so that

shortening the diffusion path increases the speed of chromium deposition. A high rate of relative motion between the electrolyte and the cathode will shorten the path. This can be accomplished by rapid flow or by agitation of the electrolyte.

Dr. Hoare found that the rate of chromium deposition increased with electrolyte flow until the process was no longer diffusion-controlled. He also found that the use of dilute electrolyte significantly increased plating efficiency.

"This project is an excellent example," says Dr. Hoare, "of how basic research and engineering principles can be combined to develop a new, successful process. Now, we'd like to take on the challenge of plating successfully from Cr^{+3} , which would be an even more efficient way to provide corrosion and wear resistance."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK

Dr. James Hoare is a Research Fellow at the General Motors Research Laboratories. He is a member of the Electrochemistry Department.

Dr. Hoare served as an electronics technician in the U.S. Navy during the Second World War. In 1949, he received his Ph.D. in physical chemistry from the Catholic University of America. After an assistant professorship at Trinity College in Washington, D.C., he joined the US Naval Research Laboratory as a physical chemist. He became a staff member at General Motors in 1960.

Dr. Hoare's sustaining interest has been in electrochemical kinetics and the mechanisms of electrode processes. He is best known to the scientific community for his basic studies of hydrogen and oxygen electrode mechanisms. His book, *The Electrochemistry of Oxygen*, published in 1968, is considered a work of primary importance to the field. In addition to his work on chromium plating, he is responsible for the fundamental research that helped make electrochemical machining a precision process.



General Motors



satellites; the objective should be a moderate degree of liberalization. Others worried lest the U.S. adopt policies that might encourage the "destabilization" of the East European regimes. Finally, and above all else, a consensus was reached among the assembled academics that a form of sacrosanct status be given to East-West exchange programs, whereby these programs would proceed uninterrupted no matter what obscenity the Soviets (or the Czechs or Poles, for that matter) were perpetrating at the time.

Not that some decent ideas didn't emerge. A Czech émigré related that many of the items on display at a recent exhibit of police hardware in Prague had been manufactured in France (Bukovsky had earlier repeated how as a political prisoner he had been bound with American-made handcuffs), and there was general agreement that efforts be made to stop the export of goods which strengthen the police state apparatus. Jiří Pelikan proposed that a special fund be set up to provide

opportunities for persecuted scholars to pursue their research or creative work. Others suggested that additional support be provided for such traditional undertakings as foreign-radio broadcasts and translations of political literature. Unfortunately, the voices proposing the most original or worthwhile ideas usually had a distinctly foreign accent; the Americans were enlivened only by the issue of cultural exchanges.

Those who support a more activist American policy are realistic in recognizing the West's limitations in promoting change in the Communist world. Short of a policy which sought the outright collapse of the Soviet Empire, the Western role is threefold: first, to provide an alternative source of information to those entrapped by Communism, mainly through foreign broadcast services like Radio Free Europe; second, to put the leadership of Communist countries on notice that economic, diplomatic, and cultural relations will

depend in part on internal policies; and third, to provide a measure of protection and encouragement for those directly engaged in the struggle for democratic rights.

Whether support for such objectives can be mustered among the scholars, policy analysts, and State Department officials who play a more-or-less permanent role in developing foreign policy remains open to question. Two recent developments indicate that the task ahead may well be a formidable one. The first is the reaction by many Soviet experts to the ascension to power of Yuri Andropov. The initial commentaries took two lines: some claimed that the former secret police chief was in reality a "closet liberal" with an admiration for Western society; more common was the evaluation that Andropov had certain Westernized tastes, but was nevertheless committed to the Soviet system, including the system of repression and control in which he played no small role refining. Yet whether Andropov is seen as a

putative liberal or as a cultured yet tough pragmatist, the policy prescription is the same: now is the time for the U.S. to make a gesture toward the reinstitution of détente.

The second development of note is the announcement of an \$11.5 million grant by Averell Harriman to Columbia University for the purpose of promoting Soviet studies. Announcement of the donation was accompanied by press commentaries on the sorry state of Soviet studies in the United States. As Harriman put it: "There is so much misinformation, beginning with those in the highest authority in government. To base policy on ignorance and illusion is very dangerous. It should be based on knowledge and understanding." It isn't too difficult to glean from Harriman's elliptical pronouncements just what's bothering him. He, with others, is concerned that an intellectual case to justify past détente policies was not effectively made. And he wants to make sure that the next time around the job is done properly. □



EMINENTOES

ANDY'S EGO

Andrew M. Greeley, if not quite a man for all seasons, is for certain a man of many parts. He is a Roman Catholic priest with a Ph.D. in sociology and a specialty in public-opinion research. He is a journalist with an academic's contempt for journalism; an academic with a journalist's contempt for academe; and—lately—a very popular novelist with a commercial hack's contempt for style. A would-be Studs Lonigan who looks more like Stan Laurel, Father Greeley bills himself with uncharacteristic modesty as "an Irish Catholic Democrat from Chicago." In fact, he is the quintessential imp—an intellectual sybarite: author of "more than 80 books," including data-packed treatises on the sociology of American Catholicism, notion-larded vignettes on politics and the religious impulse, and—lately again—potboiling novels on the behavior of a certain stripe of midwest Irish-

American Catholic. Full of topics, he is a topic unto himself.

"I suppose," Father Greeley remarked not long ago, "that I have the

Irish weakness for words gone wild." He was referring to his prolific output as a whole, but he might just as well have been referring strictly to his

novel *The Cardinal Sins*,* which was high on the best-seller charts when he made the remark. In *The Cardinal Sins* there are, truly, words gone wild—a wild mix of polemic genius and artistic idiocy. It comes off as a post-adolescent show-and-tell. Greeley serves up many a point about life in the Church, such as that priests-have-feelings-like-everyone-else, and he makes other points roughly equal in banality: Church-honchos-can-be-jerks, yet love-wins-out-in-the-end, and so forth. But forget the stupid themes. *The Cardinal Sins*—despite a silly disclaimer in its preface—is a thickly veiled reminiscence. Our hero, the garrulous and prideful Kevin Brennan, is a man of many parts: a well-known priest-psychologist... sound like anyone you know?

In the way of thematic baggage, we learn in *The Cardinal Sins* that some Catholic clerics screw around a lot, and then we get one of the endless

*Warner/Bernard Geis, \$12.95.



John R. Dunlap teaches English at the University of Santa Clara.

asides: "Most are chaste these days, some of them because they're neuters, others because they're committed celibates, like me." That's Andy Greeley, speaking through his first-person narrator, and exhibiting his leitmotif, the cosmic Irish ego. In other words, the central theme of *The Cardinal Sins* is Andrew M. Greeley.

You will learn a great deal about Andy from his books; for instance, that he has a lot of enemies—but, well, that's what comes with being rich and famous. As a diocesan or "secular" priest, Father Greeley is bound not by a vow of poverty; so, being the author of "more than 80 books" and—lately—a best-selling novelist, Greeley is a priest-with-millions and thus a sitting duck for a lawsuit every time he wags his tongue indiscreetly in public. Ah, the trials of wealth! But it's the fame that creates the majority of his enemies. The Left doesn't like him because he's hard on Communism, contemptuous of socialism, disdainful of social engineering, and sharply antagonistic regarding trendy fellow clerics like Daniel Berrigan; the Right doesn't like him because he's flip-pant about authority, critical of capitalism, preoccupied with sex, and openly defensive regarding controversial theologians like Hans Küng. Moderates are wary of him because, no matter what he says or does, he is nearly always abrasive or hyperbolic about it.

Consider Father Greeley's feat of writing "more than 80 books." The quotation marks are deliberate: like the expression "more than 200 books" when the topic is Isaac Asimov, the expression "more than 80 books" is evidently *de rigueur* when the topic is Andrew Greeley—watch for it the next time you read something about him; you're expected to be awed, I think. Doubtless 80 of anything is quite an accomplishment, but I have trouble being awed. The trouble is that I've read 16 of these books, and after about the fourth or fifth I started hearing echoes. Greeley achieves his prolific output by a combination of two devices, one of which is a small army of typists plugged into his dictaphones. The other device is self-plagiarism. Whence the echoes.

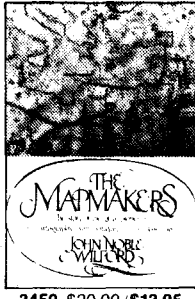
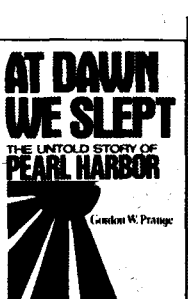
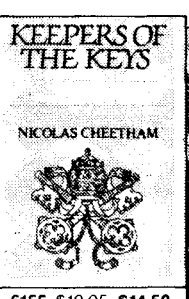
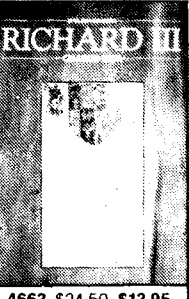
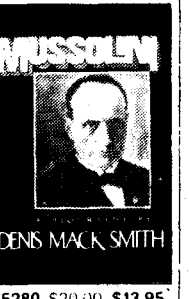
One echo of particular interest sounds like this: modern sociologists (i.e., most of Greeley's colleagues, many of whom are also among his enemies) are mistaken when they posit an opposition between self and society: lonely crowds, alienation—that sort of thing. What we have right under our noses, according to Father

Greeley, is much less the "modernization model" of the contemporary sociologist than a "marvellous combination of modernity and tradition intertwined with each other." Borrowing his jargon from the German sociologist Ferdinand Tönnies, Father Greeley distinguishes *Gemeinschaft* (human community) from *Gesellschaft* (mere association, e.g.,

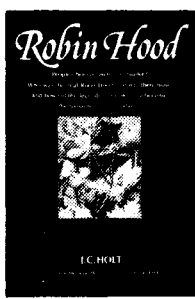
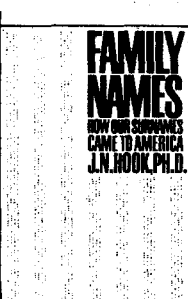
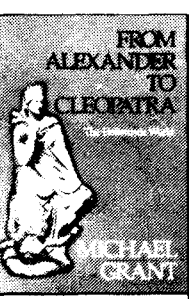
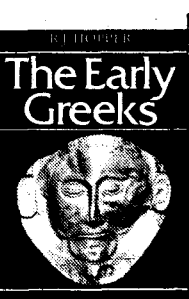
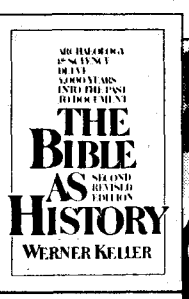
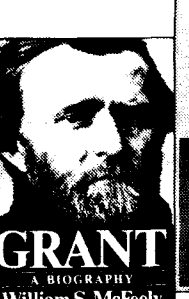
the relationship between the bus driver and the passenger). Where most sociologists assume *Gesellschaft* as the dominant social characteristic of modern industrial society, Father Greeley hauls out a ton of data suggesting that we should "weep not for *Gemeinschaft*. It is alive and well and living in Midtown, Chevy Chase, Cambridge, and even Berkeley."

The echo resounds, with a hint of E.F. Schumacher and G.K. Chesterton: between the lone self and the state or corporate behemoth is a vast network of myriad "primary-group relationships"—families, friendship circles, neighborhoods, parishes, clubs, self-help organizations, cliques—and these "mediating structures" are both the condition and the

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assurance of an ongoing community; society sticks together, regardless of how flaky it may get from time to time. For social theorists, then, the real issue should *not* be how to resolve an (unreal) opposition between self and society; the real issue should be how to account for (and from there how to encourage) the fact that "in the ordinary course of human activity, self and society are more or less painlessly integrated"—not as "a collection of atomized individuals but, to quote William James, 'a buzzing, teeming pluralism' of messy, confused, uncertain and unpredictable networks of relationships."

The echo thickens. Listen now as the echo fades at a sympathetic pitch: the premise of most social theorists today is "a notable decline in the importance of intimate, personal, informal, nonrational, local, permanent, loyalty-based relationships." In

the industrial West, both capitalism and socialism accept this premise not only as descriptive (it isn't!) but as normative (God forbid!)—and consequently tend to aggrandize themselves, fostering the bureaucratic behemoth. General Motors and the Federal Government are both naughty to the extent they violate the time-honored Catholic social principle of subsidiarity. And here Father Greeley echoes a key theme of Pope Pius XI's 1931 encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*: "Nothing should be done by a larger and higher level organization which can be done equally as well by a smaller and lower level organization."

Interesting echo, wouldn't you say? And wouldn't you like to pin down the source and get more detail? Forget it. Andy Greeley is too busy skipping from one topic to another, too busy writing novels about himself, too busy ranting at his fellow

Catholics who pay no attention to his thin schemes:

No one is listening; no one is even remotely aware that there is a theory of society that is radically different from and closer to the empirical sociological fact than either the theories of Marxism or capitalism. It is a part of our heritage, and none of us gives a damn about it anymore.

In other words, Andy Greeley is too busy to pipe down, sit down, and spend a decade or so working up just one interesting scheme beyond the level of a bright idea.

In *Thy Brother's Wife*,† the second in what promises to be a long line of Greeley best-sellers (especially since Greeley announced he was dropping his column to write novels full-time), Greeley creates a character named

†Warner/Bernard Geis, \$13.95.

Sean Cronin: a feisty Irish-American priest bearing a striking temperamental resemblance to Brennan/Greeley of *The Cardinal Sins*. At one point in the novel, Father Sean Cronin taunts himself thus: "Tell off the whole world so you won't hear your own demons." Andrew Greeley has been telling off the world since 1959, when he started writing (or dictating) "more than 80 books." Today, 24 years and "more than 80 books" later, Father Greeley is, at age 55, anything but mellowed. And he's working on two more novels, not to mention the publication of five new semi-technical works that he has incidentally added to his sprawling repertoire during these past few years of his new avocation as best-selling, self-confessing hack.

Soon the proper expression will be "more than 90 books." And unless Andy Greeley can rid himself of those demons, it may reach a hundred. □



THE TALKIES

HOFFMAN BOUFFANT

by Martha Bayles

It's hard to identify the author of *Tootsie*, since the script was rewritten twenty times by nine screenwriters and passed through the hands of three directors—the last of whom, Sydney Pollack, spent months haggling over details with the star, Dustin Hoffman. And Hoffman himself was involved from the early stages. At any rate, I saw the film having heard all about Hoffman's perfectionism and hard work (which is almost as tedious as hearing about Meryl Streep's). Seeing him play Michael Dorset, the unemployed New York actor whose own agent turns against him because he's too fussy about things like TV commercials, I wondered what all the hype was about. In this role, Hoffman seems to do little more than play himself.

Yet I changed my mind when, in order to get a part in a soap opera, Michael transforms himself into Dorothy Michaels, a prim but self-possessed actress who subsequently ad-libs her way to the top of the daytime-drama charts. Needless to

say, the device is not original. Sexual disguise has always been a staple of the theatre, although in its lower forms it tends to become highly conventionalized, even ritualized.

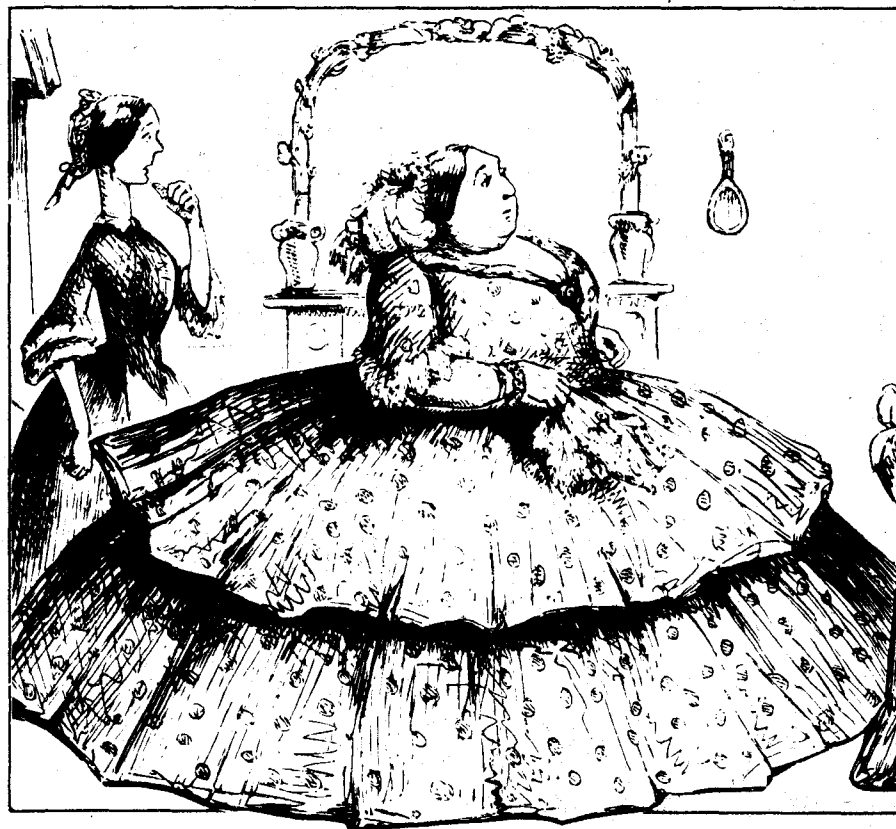
Hoffman's achievement is, quite simply, to come up with something new: a female impersonation which contains neither buffoonery—hairy legs in petticoats—nor the bitchily

coy, seductively maternal aggressiveness of the typical drag queen.

Dorothy is Southern, middle-aged, cheerful, efficient, and virginal in a way that suggests innocence, not frustration. In the soap opera she is cast as an uptight, shrewish hospital administrator—a stereotype she dislikes—so she improvises a role closer to her own personality: the sort of woman we call a "maiden lady" because "old maid" is too harsh. She is a recognizable female type, but definitely not the one men usually imitate when they imitate women.

The trouble is, no sooner has Hoffman created Dorothy than the film sets about reducing her to another kind of ritualized cliché. For as the true believers keep telling us, there is no salvation outside the church. Dorothy is a lady who makes up her own mind, takes no guff, and displays talent in her chosen endeavor. Therefore, say the believers, she must be a feminist. Of course she's a feminist. How could she *not* be a feminist?

Well, a woman like Dorothy may or may not agree with feminism, but



Martha Bayles is film critic for *The American Spectator*.

Fortunately, they did not completely succeed. First, there is Julie. The plot thickens when Michael becomes smitten with Dorothy's pretty co-star (played by Jessica Lange). As Dorothy, Michael gets close enough to Julie to witness her vacillation toward the director, who trifles with her but does not treat her well. Julie is appealing but weak: she doesn't like the man, yet enjoys being taken out for fancy dinners. Eventually she tells Dorothy that she

Similarly refreshing is the way *Tootsie* undermines the figure of the self-sufficient career woman. Before meeting Julie, Michael is himself a careerist, placing acting before friendship and love. Then he becomes literally trapped in his own priorities, gazing longingly at Julie through his mascara and designer eyeglasses. It's amusing, although we are accustomed to seeing ambi-

tious men brought down by passion. More amusing, and interesting, is what occurs when Julie's widowed father falls for Dorothy and proposes marriage. In her hemming and hawing, Dorothy hints that marriage would interfere with her independent life-style and successful career. It's a cover, of course—for another entanglement which she's hardly in a position to explain. We laugh at that,

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but also at seeing careerism on the list of excuses women may now use to deceive themselves and others.

Most important of all is the fact that whenever Dorothy behaves like a feminist, she advances her own fortunes. On camera in the soap opera, she defies the male doctors—and the fan mail pours in. Off camera she goes into her assertiveness-train-

ing routine—and the female producer pulls strings on her behalf. The point is that feminism as opportunism sits perfectly consistently with Michael Dorset's character, and as long as his newfound convictions aren't tested, we are free to laugh when his creation Dorothy spouts a lot of rhetoric in order to drive up the ratings and disport

herself on the cover of *Newsweek*.

These tendencies in *Tootsie* have been flagged by vigilant critics as possible antifeminism. I would agree, and flag them again as possible humor. Those who tried to turn this movie into a feminist parable had their work cut out for them, because, after all, it's the story of a talented man who can only get ahead by pre-

tending to be a woman; and as a woman, he can only get ahead by pretending to be a feminist. There is also the added twist that an egotistical fellow like Michael would enjoy showing the ladies how it's done. To those who see this as a valuable lesson, I suggest that they take another look. It's really a pretty good joke. □



REAGANOPHOBES

by Patrick Wajzman

Monday night at a quarter past eight, Television News gave us some clippings that were curious indeed: of a country devastated by unemployment and misery; of a country whose rulers, notorious militarists, are rejected by the immense majority of the population; of a country so unhappy, so unfair, and so poorly managed that no sensible person could possibly want to live there.

I admit that for a moment I was moved by this painful report that provoked pity and indignation. What wounded land could this be about? The Soviet Union? Poland? East Germany? Paraguay? Salvador? None of the above: the program was

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on the United States of America, and for anyone with some knowledge of the United States, what took place was an intolerable job of intellectual intoxication.

To be sure, this was not the first time that Ronald Reagan has been presented, in our good Socialist France, as a primitive, narrow-minded, and incompetent leader; something of a dinosaur good for little other than hamming it up in front of cameras. Is he not regularly described as the most carefree President since Eisenhower, the most conservative since Herbert Hoover, the most antisocial White House host since Calvin Coolidge? Yet, there are erroneous judgments that one has difficulty accepting. All the more so since the American people themselves continue to trust their President, and believe in their majority (60 percent in a recent poll) that his

economic policies will eventually work.

Sensible facts, unfortunately, do not much disturb the princes who rule us and those who, on television, express meekly their desires. For a very simple reason: the denunciation of the failure of Reaganism corresponds, to their minds, to a political calculation. And one needn't be a genius to guess which one.

For Mitterrand-style socialism to have a chance of seducing the French people, our leaders believe that Reagan liberalism must play the role of providing the unthinkable alternative, and must show every sign of representing a historical disaster. It therefore becomes necessary to distort the defects of the economic system in force on the other side of the Atlantic, thereby discrediting capitalism.

Now this is precisely what French

television does when it insists upon the "disaster" engendered in the United States by policies supporting free enterprise, individual initiative, limited government, and fiscal restraint. After all, why should the French not believe in the virtues of an all-powerful State, with a controlled economy, a regulated society, and a population entirely on some form of assistance: since the Americans, as we are being told constantly, are failing pathetically in the opposite course? *Q.E.D.*

As can be seen, propaganda has its uses . . .

This Reaganophobia, however, is mediocre. For Reagan, like it or not, is far from failure. If nothing else, he has restored national pride to his compatriots. After the pain of the Vietnam syndrome, the humiliation of the hostage crisis, the negativism and defeatism that the Carter Administration made into a pathetic specialty, Reagan made being American once again a thing of pride. He restored the will to overcome hard times. This is already something, after all. It is in any case a far better attitude than the one that consists of blaming on imaginary scapegoats one's own failures.

But the American President has done even better. He has asserted with conviction his role of defender of the free world, letting the Soviets understand that they may not view the globe as their playground. During the six years that preceded Reagan's election, over one-hundred-million souls fell under the direct or indirect influence of the Soviet Union. For two years now, this destabilizing fantasia has ceased. Is this insignificant? □

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B O O K R E V I E W S

One day in late 1955, an unassuming, middle-aged man appeared at the office of the fledgling *National Review*, found an unoccupied chair, and sat down. After peering at a typewriter for a few moments, he proceeded to punch the keys. Forty-five minutes later, he departed. After this ritual had repeated itself, once a week, for several months, a young *National Review* staffer grew indignant. On all his visits, she protested, the typewriter repairman had never examined her machine.

This "typewriter repairman," it turned out, was *National Review*'s lead book reviewer, John Chamberlain. Coming to the office for his weekly assignment, he would quietly compose his review at the typewriter with seemingly effortless grace. Then, his work completed, he would silently slip out of the office—careful not to disturb his colleagues laboring at their own projects.

These qualities of calmness, solitude, and self-effacement are abundantly reflected in John Chamberlain's newly published autobiography. For more than half a century now, Chamberlain has been leading, as he puts it, "a life with the printed word." And what an abundant life it has been! In 1926, fresh out of Yale, he became a cub reporter for the *New York Times*; within three years, he was assistant editor of the *Times*'s Sunday book review. In 1933, at the astonishingly young age of thirty, he rose to the eminence of daily book reviewer for the *Times*. For the next four years, he turned out five book reviews a week (plus sundry other essays) and solidified his reputation (in one authority's words) as the "finest critic of his generation." In the late thirties and forties, he occupied positions of influence at *Fortune*, *Life*, and *Time* under Henry Luce, with a professorship at Columbia's School of Journalism on the side. In the fifties, he was a founding editor of the *Freeman*, an editorial writer for the *Wall Street Journal*, and a valued contributor to *National Review*. In the sixties, he became one of the most respected of conservative columnists.

Along the way, he raised three children and wrote several books (including two libertarian classics, *The Enterprising Americans* and *The*

George H. Nash is author of The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America Since 1945.

A LIFE WITH THE PRINTED WORD

John Chamberlain / Regnery Gateway / \$12.95

George H. Nash

Roots of Capitalism). Today, in his eightieth year, John Chamberlain continues indefatigably to expound the philosophy of "voluntarism" and free-market capitalism with the same robust reasonableness that has won him journalistic admirers for five decades.

Such a life is ample subject indeed for an autobiography, and one can only be pleased that Chamberlain has written his. But the importance of *A Life with the Printed Word* transcends the particularities of a richly successful career. For like so many other American conservative luminaries since 1945, Chamberlain in his youth was a man of the radical Left. How was it that this supporter of Norman Thomas in 1932 became a Reaganite a generation later? How did a quasi-socialist of the thirties come to write the foreword to

Hayek's *Road to Serfdom* in 1944? What, in short, prevented Chamberlain from becoming (in his words) "just another New York liberal" in middle age? The story of his intellectual journey from Left to Right is the principal subject of this absorbing memoir.

One source of Chamberlain's evolution lay in his temperament. A New England Yankee who came of age in the 1920s, he shared his generation's artistic and civil libertarianism and its apolitical distrust of crusading fanaticism. He never lost these early attitudes. Even in the politics-drenched thirties, Chamberlain retained some of his youthful skepticism of concentrated power. Indifferent to the early New Deal, he was drawn instead to the Brandeisian

trust-busting philosophy of his friend Leon Henderson and to nonconformists of the Left like John Dos Passos (whose own intellectual odyssey rather strikingly resembles Chamberlain's).

The sheer act of reading, one suspects, also helped to rescue Chamberlain from stultifying leftist conformity. Reviewing a book a day for the *Times*, he discovered authors like Albert Jay Nock, the grandfather of libertarianism, and Max Eastman, who had been to Moscow and seen not the future but the truth. Later on he encountered Rose Wilder Lane and Isabel Paterson, whose *God of the Machine* "hit me like a ton of bricks" in 1943. Chamberlain must surely be one of the best-read journalists of all time; the very act of confronting an endless variety of books for review shielded him from the certitudes of the cultural commissars. Chamberlain the literary critic, one senses, could never surrender his independence to anyone's party line.

Still another factor nudging him from the Left was his experience with the Communists and their sympathizers. The most harrowing episode occurred when Walter Duranty, the *Times*'s famed Moscow correspondent, "almost casually" remarked to Chamberlain one day that three million Russians had died in a deliberate, artificial famine. (It was Stalin's method of liquidating the kulaks.) Chamberlain was aghast. How could Duranty be so callous about this gigantic horror? And why had he never even reported this story in his dispatches? Soon afterward, Chamberlain himself mentioned the murderous famine in one of his book reviews. Immediately the Communist journal *New Masses* demanded proof; Chamberlain replied by citing Duranty as his source.

Now the fat was really in the fire. In danger of losing his visa from the Soviet government, Duranty denied that he had ever said anything. The Communists, meanwhile, denounced Chamberlain with fury. Suddenly Chamberlain's reputation for veracity—and his job at the *Times*—were in peril. Fortunately, a fellow *Times* journalist, Simeon Strunsky, came forward in Chamberlain's defense; Duranty had also told Strunsky about the famine. Without this in-house corroboration, Chamberlain would likely have been fired by the *Times* and his journalistic career perhaps destroyed.



Although Chamberlain remained a man of the Left for most of the thirties, he was never a Communist. Instead, he became known in Party circles as a "dissident radical," suspect and unreliable because of his friendship with ex-Communist intellectuals.

And so an independent man of the Left he might have remained, had it not been for one event that decisively set him on the road to the Right. In 1936, through his friend Archibald MacLeish, Chamberlain joined the staff of *Fortune*. For the next decade, as a senior journalist for the Luce publications, Chamberlain had an extraordinary opportunity to study and write about the workings of American business.

It was a revelation. Freed from the environs of Greenwich Village, he began to explore a world that his literary and leftist friends never saw: the functioning world of capitalism, of free-market creativity. Traveling around the country on assignments for *Fortune*, he encountered entrepreneurs who were every bit as

capable and interesting as the literati he had left behind. Increasingly, Chamberlain's anticapitalist preconceptions dissolved. Business leaders, he discovered, were not necessarily Babbitts after all. The American economy was not "mature" and permanently stagnant. The market system *worked*. The more he examined the dynamic intricacies of the private sector, the stronger grew his commitment to voluntarism. His antipolitical impulses likewise deepened. Washington "does not originate much," he writes in these memoirs; "a country can only be happy and prosperous by keeping its politicians on a taut leash."

Eventually Chamberlain came to believe that the truly significant economic story of the thirties was not that of New Deal intervention in the economy (which failed in any case to end the Depression). It was the pioneering efforts of risk-taking entrepreneurs and technological innovators. It was they, not the politicians and regulators, who "saved the day for us in war and

established the basis for the huge post-war expansion." And, Chamberlain adds, "If I hadn't broken out of the tight little world of literary New York and gone to work for Harry Luce, I would never have seen what still eludes our Arthur Schlesingers and the others who write what passes for our 'history.'"

The opportunity to observe American business, then, liberated Chamberlain from the Left. Reading, writing, observing, he had *studied* his way out of collectivism. From the mid-1940s on, he has been a stalwart defender of entrepreneurial capitalism and an effective spokesman for the conservative movement.

All this and more Chamberlain recounts in these never-strident memoirs—a veritable travelogue through the ideological battlegrounds of half a century. It is a book filled with acute observations of people—of Henry Luce and Charles Lindbergh, Whittaker Chambers and Willi Schlamm, of journalists of the Center, Left, and Right. At times one wishes that this compact autobiography were twice as long, that Chamberlain had favored us with even more impressions of his stellar array of acquaintances, and with more about himself. In fifty-seven

years of journalism, he has known so many of the great. After completing this volume one yearns for him to tell us more.

But such expansiveness, one suspects, would be out of character for this soft-spoken New Englander. "Of all the autobiographies of ideological explorations," writes William F. Buckley in his introduction, "John Chamberlain's is surely the most soft-throated in the literature." It is a book, too, that is singularly free from rancor. Indeed, despite a career of journalistic advocacy, and an unfashionable journey from Left to Right, Chamberlain seems never to have made an enemy or lost a friend.

To those who have made his acquaintance, this remark will cause no surprise. Back in the sixties, a Harvard professor mordantly observed that Academe is a place where men of principle outnumber men of honor. John Chamberlain is a man of principle; to those who know him personally, he is a man of rare decency as well. In this age of self-advertisement, it is a pleasure to read a book by a distinguished journalist so unassuming that he could be mistaken for a typewriter repairman. *A Life with the Printed Word* is more than an illuminating trek through our times. It is the memoir of a gentleman. □

a·poc·a·lyp·tic prem·ise

adj. 1: foreboding imminent disaster or final doom

n. 1a: a proposition supposed as a basis of argument b: something assumed

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KOESTLER: A BIOGRAPHY

Iain Hamilton / Macmillan / \$19.95

Maurice Cranston

If any living writer is still being read in a hundred years time, that writer will surely be Arthur Koestler. For no one has lived so fully and intensely a uniquely twentieth-century experience, and produced books which give the feel of what it has all been like. He may even be better understood and more admired in the future than he is now, for Koestler's truth has always been too naked for many of his contemporaries to contemplate. We could not bear to see Nazism as he unveiled it until Nazism was more or less eliminated; and since Communism, as he depicts it, is still with us and still flourishing, many readers avert their eyes from Koestler's

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truth, or repudiate it, or kick him for saying things they do not want to hear, and indignantly accuse him of "helping the CIA" to sabotage détente, de-Stalinization, and peace.

Iain Hamilton's new biography of Koestler will perhaps give equal joy to those who admire him (as I do) and those who are against him. For it is a workmanlike narrative which sets out all the more interesting facts about Koestler's life; and as Koestler is the last man to want anything suppressed in order to forestall embarrassment, the record is splendidly candid and fairly complete. Hence, just as those readers who were disturbed by George Orwell's testimony to left-wing monstrosities could seize on certain aspects of Orwell's personality—his grim asceticism and almost masochistic endeavor to

understand suffering—to find reasons to reassure themselves that the Orwellian vision of the totalitarian menace was, after all, “distorted,” those same people will doubtless find in Mr. Hamilton’s book evidence for considering Koestler an unreliable witness on analogous psychological grounds. It will hardly matter that Koestler’s personality is as unlike Orwell’s as any could be; as much as Orwell tormented himself, Koestler has indulged himself; stories of drink and adultery enliven (or darken, according to one’s perspective) the pages of this book, and if Koestler is now settled down to a quiet life of temperance and domestic chastity, it will doubtless be said that it is because he is 77 years old; and, like St. Augustine of Hippo, owes greater virtue entirely to diminished temptation.

Arthur Koestler was born in Budapest in September 1905, into a middle-class Jewish family with scholarly traditions, but was nevertheless given a scientific, rather than a classical, education; this enabled him to become at an early age a very successful scientific journalist, and then again, much later in life, to become a formidable methodologist of science. Even so, his childhood was less than happy. He did not like the materialistic ethos that prevailed in the scientific *Realschule*, and he was tormented with shyness because of his short stature. But at the University of Vienna he seems to have found some contentment as a member of a Jewish fraternity, and relief from his personal problems by throwing himself into the cause of Zionism. Indeed he became so zealous a Zionist that at the age of 21 he quit his university studies altogether to go to Palestine, to work full time for the cause. It seems that he was too much of an enthusiast and an extremist to be of any great use to the Zionist establishment. Eventually Koestler found a niche in Jerusalem as correspondent for the Ullstein press of Berlin. He proved himself a born journalist, but not a man born to live in Jerusalem. He persuaded his employers to move him to Paris, and there, after writing a brilliant article on the work of Broglie in physics, he was invited to become science editor for Ullsteins in Berlin. That was in 1930, when the rise of Hitler drove Koestler, and so many other intellectuals, into the arms of the Communists. He received the special welcome reserved for men in strategic positions in society. He was told not to become an open member, but to work for the Party secretly.

These duties, which he accepted without demur, led to his departure from the Ullstein press, when a colleague working undercover betrayed him to the boss. The Ullsteins, themselves Jews but hoping to improve their prospects under Nazism by dismissing as many Jews as they could, had good grounds for disembarassing themselves of Arthur Koestler. He, in turn, being no longer useful to

the Party in Berlin was shunted off to the Soviet Union, where the dismal reality of Communism slowly penetrated his consciousness, without as yet shaking his faith. After producing a hack work in praise of the USSR, ostensibly a bourgeois visitor’s discovery of its marvels, he was promoted to secret intelligence again, and installed in 1933 in Paris as an official of a Front organization called

the World Committee for the Relief of the Victims of German Fascism, a cover for the activities of Willy Muenzenberg, Comintern propaganda chief in Western Europe.

Evidently Koestler had difficulty in adapting himself to work as one of Muenzenberg’s numerous puppets, and chose to earn much-needed money by writing books on “sex education” under the name of Dr.

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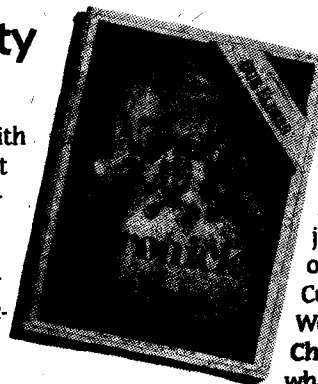
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NON-LIBERAL CRITICISM AT ITS BEST.

Costler; he already had fairly extensive experience in that field to draw upon, and the technique of popular science journalism was just what was needed for such books in those innocent days: his *Encyclopaedia of Sexual Knowledge* became an international best-seller. But already the stirrings of a genuinely literary ambition were at work within him, and he embarked on his first serious political fiction, which he called *The Gladiators*, a historical novel set in ancient Rome but researched in libraries in Zurich and Budapest. Then the Spanish Civil War broke out and Willy Muenzenberg needed his services urgently. Koestler was instructed to go to Franco's Spain as a Communist spy under the thin cover of a correspondent for the Budapest *Pester Lloyd* and the London *News Chronicle*, a newspaper supposedly Liberal but in fact no less Communist-dominated than the Liberal regime in Republican Spain.

Courage being one of Koestler's most steadfast qualities, he accepted this dangerous mission and went. Inevitably, the German journalists at Franco's headquarters recognized Koestler and remembered him as the man who had been exposed as a Communist agent at Ullsteins. Koestler had a chance to escape from Malaga, but intrepid to the point of folly he waited there to watch Franco's troops take over the city. He was held in prison at Seville, awaiting execution.

Luckily, by this time he had acquired a devoted wife named Dorothy and although they were well and truly separated, Dorothy was

tireless in her efforts in London to raise a public demand for her husband's release. The genuine liberals and the fellow travelers, the anti-fascists and the free-speech lobby, and even Sir Anthony Eden were whipped into action, and Koestler found himself released by Franco in exchange for a Nationalist prisoner, thanks to the intervention of Great Britain, a country he hardly knew. He showed his gratitude by becoming British, and making himself the best foreign writer of literary English since Joseph Conrad.

But that did not happen immediately. Koestler went from Seville to Paris, and to work again for Muenzenberg. The Moscow Trials had put the fear of hell into that cunning operator, and Muenzenberg was no longer the loyal servant of the Comintern. Koestler found himself free to acknowledge the truth he had long tried to hide from himself about Stalin. In the words of his biographer, "that most extraordinarily influential of novels, eventually to be called *Darkness at Noon*, began, as it were, to write itself, concentrating the author's half-conscious insights into a fearful revelation of the nightmarish realities of Communism in practice."

The fall of France, accelerated by Communist opposition to "imperialist war" at the time of the Hitler-Stalin pact, found Koestler interned in France; he escaped by volunteering for the Foreign Legion, slipped off to Casablanca, and from there through Lisbon to London, where he was promptly put in jail again. The British friends who had saved him from Seville had hardly less difficulty in securing his release from Pentonville Prison. But *Darkness at Noon*, in the English version, came out just then, and it was soon followed by *Scum of the Earth*, a novel based on Koestler's experience as Jewish refugee. Thus, in wartime England, he became a celebrated author—and the Communists, a diminished band in England at that time, concentrating their wits on penetrating the secret services, hardly raised a murmur against him. There was simply no denying his supreme literary distinction.

He married, as a second wife, a very English debutante named Maimie Paget without moderating his very Hungarian habits of philandering; was patronized by millionaire socialists such as George Strauss, encouraged by fashionable literary mandarins like Cyril Connolly, earned handsome royalties, and could easily have settled down, like H.G. Wells, to a plush life as a novelist, womanizer, and armchair

moralist. But Koestler being Koestler was active as soon as he was released from war work in political campaigning, for the Zionist cause, for the abolition of capital punishment among other things, and then for the defense, on a worldwide scale, of freedom against totalitarianism.

This last is what brought Koestler into conflict with many other intellectuals—in England, America, and particularly in that nation of intellectuals, France, where he went to live once more. Russia's share in the defeat of Hitler had left Stalin with great prestige, and a war-weary people's yearning for peace made them anxious not to provoke Soviet hostility. Koestler upset all this by insisting that there was no freedom in Russia, and no peace to be bought by appeasing a tyrant.

Darkness at Noon sold more copies in France than anywhere else, and the French Communist daily *L'Humanité* reacted by publishing a map showing Koestler's house outside Paris with the caption: "This is where the American Ambassador trains his para-military Fascist militia." There was too much hatred of Koestler in France for him to flourish there, and he soon left to divide his

life between England and Austria. With time he mellowed, and settled down to a peaceful existence with his third wife, Cynthia, and returned to his earliest scholarly interest, producing instead of novels, books about science.

These, inevitably, are controversial—but, as his biographer points out, Koestler really succeeded where C.P. Snow and others failed, in bridging the gap between the "two cultures" of the classical and the scientific. I myself believe that his study of scientific discovery called *The Sleepwalkers* is a masterpiece, from the perspective both of history and of philosophy. His criticisms of the empiricist ideology of modern science are on a level with those of Karl Popper. Koestler has earned the right to be considered an original thinker as well as an artist, and if still an "intellectual," a very superior one indeed.

Mr. Hamilton does not do justice to the quality of Koestler's achievement. He is strong on the political angle, and sensible and unsensational on the private life; but if readers want to have any grasp of Koestler's importance as a creative writer and as a theorist of scientific knowledge, they will have to read Koestler's own books. □

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Leonard Mosley / Hearst Books / \$18.50

Eliot A. Cohen

In November 1943, shortly before the Cairo conference with Churchill, President Roosevelt had a talk with General Eisenhower in Algiers, in which he explained to Eisenhower why he wanted to appoint Army Chief of Staff General George C. Marshall to be Supreme Commander for the great invasion of Europe:

"Ike," Roosevelt said, "you and I know who was Chief of Staff during the last years of the Civil War, but practically no one else knows, although the names of the field generals—Grant, of course, and Lee, and Jackson, Sherman, Sheridan, and others—every schoolboy knows them. I hate to think that fifty years from now practically nobody will know who George Marshall was. That is one of the

reasons why I want George to have the big command—he is entitled to establish his place in history as a great general." [FDR was referring to Henry W. Halleck.]

FDR later reneged, saying to Marshall, "Well, I didn't feel I could sleep at ease if you were out of Washington." Marshall is not forgotten by today's schoolboys, but that is primarily because of the European Recovery Plan associated with his name, and not because of his most important service to his country, his six-year tour of duty as Army Chief of Staff shortly before and during World War II.

To those who lived through World War II, Marshall was almost as much a presence as Churchill or Roosevelt. Still, he offers a peculiar challenge to today's biographer, for he exerted his influence through a personality whose force was as obvious to his

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contemporaries as it is elusive for those two generations removed from its presence. A great merit of Leonard Mosley's *Marshall* is that it brings alive "the soldier and statesman whose ability brought only one comparison in the history of this nation"—the words not of Mosley, but of Harvard's citation of Marshall when he received an honorary degree in June 1947.

Mosley's book draws heavily on the massive official biography (three of whose four or five volumes are now complete) being compiled by Forrest C. Pogue—a debt that Mosley openly and generously acknowledges. He has researched his subject well, though uncovering little new information. Such, however, is not his purpose. Rather, Mosley seeks to re-create Marshall for the generation born after the old General's death, and in this he has succeeded handsomely. Mosley writes crisply and makes exemplary use of anecdotal material: he places Marshall in historical context, and gives us an adequate account of Marshall's personal life without indulging our prurient interests or taste for cheap psychologizing. An unabashed admirer of Marshall, he does not conceal his hero's flaws or attempt to pass over his mistakes. This book belongs to the genre often dismissed by the literati as "popular" biography, but it is very good biography indeed, and well worth the price.

What made Marshall such an indispensable man? His military judgment was sound, but by no means infallible—in retrospect, for example, it is clear that his advocacy of a cross-Channel attack on Nazi-occupied Europe in 1942 or even 1943 was misplaced. His political judgment also lagged behind that of some of his contemporaries, as his refusal to grasp the intractability of the Chinese civil war in 1947 demonstrates. His personality was austere and even forbidding:

Marshall always professed to be surprised when his senior aides told him about it, but in fact, his manner often terrified junior officers who came to see him, and there was even a rumor around—which wasn't true—that a frightened lieutenant had collapsed and died of a heart attack when summoned into his presence. Quite often normally bright young men were turned into stuttering or tongue-tied idiots when confronted by the gaze from Marshall's cold blue eyes. Once one of them dropped his papers and fled from the room in a panic.

"What was the matter with him?" asked Marshall of his assistant General Tom Handy, who came in to rescue the papers.

"You scared the fella out of his wits," Handy said.

"Who me?" said Marshall. "Why, I was trying to be friendly."

"That's what scared him . . ."

Few men—even Roosevelt, that notorious disrespector of persons—dared call him by his first name.

Marshall was a brilliant administrator. He could think on a grand scale, as was necessary for the man

who supervised the expansion of the U.S. Army from a primitive organization of a quarter-million men to the most powerful armed force of its time, numbering some six million. He could keep track of the myriad complexities of global war without drowning in detail, or meddling in the affairs of harried subordinates. He could present his vision of the war concisely and clearly to others,

particularly congressmen, Presidents, foreign politicians, and, of course, fellow soldiers.

He was a good judge of character. The little black book that he carried around with him during the 1920s and 1930s contained the names not of poor officers, but of those with great promise, most of whom found themselves promoted with breathtaking speed once war broke out. The

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selection of a brilliant cadre of generals was perhaps his most important contribution to the war effort. Equally important, he would recognize a mistake and correct it, for he had an invaluable streak of ruthlessness in his dealings with military incompetents. When Eisenhower sacked one of Marshall's old friends, a well-known general, Marshall reduced the man to the rank of colonel and sent Ike a cable saying, "IF I'D BEEN IN YOUR PLACE I WOULD HAVE DONE IT SOONER."

Marshall's greatest assets were his integrity and his almost unnatural self-control. When he tangled with the Navy or his British allies there was no question in his opponents' minds that he was motivated by

anything but a desire to win the war as quickly and cheaply as possible—not by pique or desire to protect bureaucratic position. The candor he used with peers and superiors he expected and endured from subordinates. When he became Secretary of State in 1947 he told his deputy Dean Acheson to be brutally frank with him: "I have no feelings except those I reserve for Mrs. Marshall." He despised yes-men and rewarded those who possessed the considerable nerve required to contradict him.

He combined these soldierly qualities with an element of cunning. True, he believed himself to be apolitical, and indeed, occasionally failed to grapple with the political implications of the questions confronting him, as in his harsh treatment of General de Gaulle, for example, or his reluctance to fire Douglas MacArthur during the Korean War (this despite MacArthur's malicious treatment of him during the 1920s and 1930s). Still, he knew when and how to manipulate his civilian superiors. For instance, in 1944 he wheedled an honorary degree out of Yale for Sir John Dill, the British military representative to the United States, in order to dissuade Churchill from recalling the field marshal, who provided the American Chief of Staff with valuable insights into the workings of the British high command. He knew how to talk to politicians even if, as Mosley suggests, he mistrusted or even despised them.

He lived among romantics—Roosevelt, Churchill, de Gaulle, and others—but for better and worse, sentiment had no hold on him. His

attitude toward the embryonic Israeli state is revealing. Mosley quotes Abba Eban describing Marshall's talks with Moshe Sharett, the head of the Jewish Palestinian delegation in New York:

[Marshall said] "I advise you not to go ahead. Your military people feel they can make it. My advice is don't take military advice. But fundamentally, it is your decision. If you make the decision to go ahead, and succeed, then good luck to you. You will probably be recognized by us. But we are not going to take any responsibility for the decision itself." . . . "Admittedly, it wasn't very heroic," said Eban, "to stand on one side and back the winner . . . Marshall was rather like a blue cold light in a refrigerator, pragmatic, unsentimental, empirical: If you survive, you survive; if you don't it's not my business. He showed not a sign of passion or emotion over what was a very dramatic moment for us. You did feel a sort of chill."

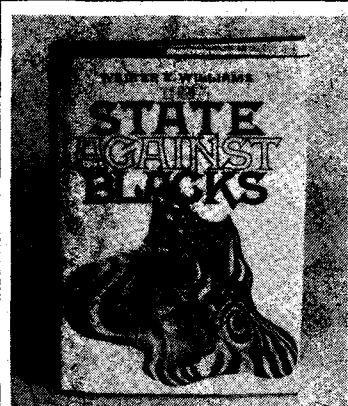
As American soldiers and politicians could have told him, Eban was not the only one to feel a chill: in this as in other far more attractive respects, Marshall did indeed resemble George Washington.

Mosley reproduces the letter sent by the British chiefs of staff to Marshall on his retirement, which includes the following lines from Pope:

. . . friend of truth; of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and honor clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend.

It is a tribute to Mosley's skill as a biographer that we understand why Marshall merited this epitaph. □

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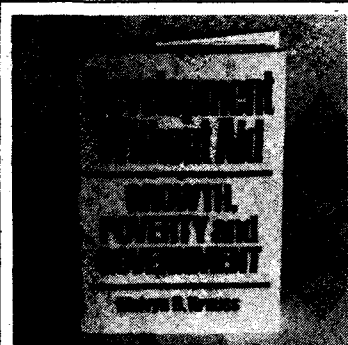


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THE LOSER

George Konrád / Harcourt Brace Jovanovich / \$14.95

Reid Buckley

"You are led into a room where you discover G. Last year you were still on intimate terms with him, but now he doesn't even nod his head; he only looks at you curiously and motions to his boys. They wheel in a chair used in gynecological examinations, sit you in it naked, and strap your spread out feet in metal stirrups. Witty comments about the size of

Reid Buckley is a novelist.

your genital organs: 'Why did it shrivel up so?' . . . 'You can say good-bye to it, pal.' The chief smiles . . . The fellows take turns standing between your stretched out legs, and their truncheons, like drumsticks, keep dancing, now on your testicles, now on your belly. The operation requires a certain rhythm, as do the screams which are so hard to suppress. The two testicles swell to the size of geese's eggs; they radiate

pain . . . You want to be a cut-open animal hung on a steel hook; your loss of manhood means as much to you now as a hat blown away by the wind. The chief: 'Have you had enough, T.? . . . We've come to the conclusion that you're a British spy . . .'"

A scene from George Konrád's third novel, *The Loser*. The place is Hungary. The time span is from World War II to the present, tracking through his protagonist, T., the first Hungarian Communist regime, the failed revolution of 1956, and the aftermath. G., the secret police chief, is modeled after Gabor Peter, who existed. (Many of the characters in this book—maybe all the public ones—have their originals in Hungary's postwar history.) T. is no British spy. He is no traitor, and he isn't even all that much of a dissident. In which the horror, because this episode of sadistical torture—T. endures several—is far from the worst that happens to him. To survive in a Soviet satellite, Konrád says, is to lose more than your virility: it is to lose person and soul.

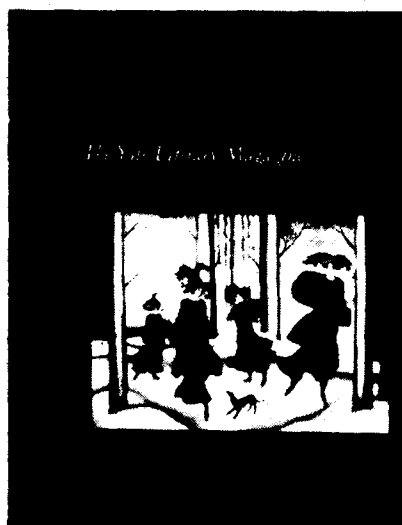
Eastern Europe during this terrible age is almost beyond our powers of comprehension. There it is to exist in an endless Night of the Living Dead, where the Saturns of the State devour first the bodies of their get and then their minds. Fittingly, the novel opens in a madhouse. With the first words we are plunged into T.'s ravaged stream of consciousness: "I talk all day, I keep hearing things; moments out of the past, like honeycomb cells during extraction, burst open—riffraff overrun my dreams. A humble wayfarer, I tumble from garden to garden, bed to bed, body to body. I stand on top of a truck with my younger brother; dusty wind is shaking the plane trees; Grandfather, in white graveclothes, sits at our feet, pleading with us to throw away our machine guns. But my brother raises his gun high and shoots until the magazine is empty."

In helpless, futile rage. And in this fashion, inwardly raging with the tumult of his recollections, the story of T. unfolds: from his origins as the grandson of a rich Jewish merchant through his early militant Communism, torture under the Nazis, torture under the paranoiac Soviets, who condemn him to a forced labor battalion. His socialist faith is not weakened. A veritable Founding Father of Hungarian Communism, T. lands a cushy job as director of the national radio. He flacks for the regime. He cheerfully assassinates character (one of his friends says to

the widow of a comrade he helped to betray, when, many years later, he is asked by her how he manages to live with his guilt: "Like a murderer. There are many of us around; most live quietly, like old athletes."); but bit by bit the guilt accumulates. Finally, T. sees what he has become. "We are wolves," he cries of himself and other functionaries, adding, hor-

rifyingly, "and . . . true adults." The reality of survival in such a world is merciless. "Compared to us our Western friends are sheep and adolescents. . . . They don't know what [a Communist society] is . . . even now, when they are interviewing dissidents . . ." Because the shattering "truth is there are no heavies and no heroes here, only fate

and history." Modern Communism has emptied people of their humanity; it has broken their will, corrupted them to the core. "The higher the state rises over the social edifice, the more paradigmatic each brick becomes—and the more each built-in being knows *and likes* [my emphasis; the Orwellian horror] his place in the great wall. If his



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superiors like him, the brick is happy; if not, the brick is miserable." All are taught to be assassins, all to betray. "Do not simply turn down the person who asks you to sign a letter of protest—turn him in [emphases the author's] . . . Say that all truths are partial truths. . . . Let things take their course, be amorphous, blend in, don't try to be better than the world around you. . . . I don't know any heroes or geniuses or saints—we are all failed experiments . . ."

Konrád is trying to make us understand: the relatively relaxed present is worse than the ferocious past, because the Hungarian has been remade into a robot. He is no longer so often tortured and killed for his aberrant apostate thoughts: he is committed to a psychiatric hospital, where he is decently cared for so long as he behaves. If he falls from grace, he gets a gentle hypo with appropriate sedatives; or maybe a wee spell of shock treatments. The trick is to learn the virtues of lunacy; it is to accept the irrational and false as the true and good; and to become utterly bland.

Is *The Loser* a good novel? *Qua* fiction, I have my reservations. They are trifling beside the awful witness that Konrád raises up. This book is sordid, vulgar, grim, lubricious, turgid. T. is uncompromisingly materialist (there is no religious dimension in Konrád's world) and profoundly pessimistic. Do not miss it. □

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THE RADICAL BOURGEOISIE: THE LIGUE DE L'ENSEIGNEMENT AND THE ORIGINS OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC

Katherine Auspitz / Cambridge University Press / \$29.50

Charles R. Kesler

When the Connecticut Yankee set about reforming Arthurian society, he paused to reflect on the priorities. "The first thing you want in a new country, is a patent office; then work up your school system; and after that, out with your [news]paper." Katherine Auspitz has written a book that the Yankee would appreciate, despite the fact that it skips the patent office: a study of the struggle for free, compulsory, secular primary schooling of both sexes in France; a chronicle of the war, to use Twain's language, between the nineteenth and the sixth centuries—between science and liberty, on the one hand, and superstition, despotism, and (his *bête noire*) the Catholic Church, on the other.

Admittedly, the volume's title, *The Radical Bourgeoisie*, is a little suspicious, redolent of the infelicitous sermons on unholy subjects—the mixture of Marxist flim-flam and liberal do-goodery—that passes for social science in the contemporary academy. Happily, there is not one syllable of such nonsense in this learned, spirited, elegant book. Its prose engages, and often delights; there is none of that leaden piling of noun upon noun that pulls so many scholarly works straight down to the murky bottom, never to be seen again.

One reason for such admirable lucidity is that, before moving on to evaluate them, Mrs. Auspitz insists on first understanding the democratic radicals as they understood themselves. "To ignore the conceptions through which people defined themselves and identified friends and adversaries is not to be objective but to be, literally, impertinent." She does not set out to write "scientific" history, but history as an art of imaginative understanding, taking its bearings from political life as known to actual citizens and statesmen.

Charles R. Kesler is a teaching fellow in the Department of Government at Harvard University and a contributor to National Review.

The beginning of the radicals' self-understanding is the fact that France had the misfortune of having to number her republics; and the dramatic fall of the First, together with the melodramatic collapse of the Second, provided the background for the schools movement of the 1860s and 1870s. "Unlike the Bourbons," Mrs. Auspitz observes, "republicans remembered their mistakes and learned from them." Their principal mistake had been not to foster mores appropriate to republican government, or at least to underestimate the difficulty of establishing *les mœurs républicaines* in a nation still saddled with emperor and Church. The importance of mores—of habits, customs, manners—had been a central theme of French political thought ever since Montesquieu, and the immense hardships involved in republicanizing France had been well ventilated on both sides of the Atlantic since the Revolution of 1789. John Adams wrote Thomas Jefferson (in his best purple prose) that "a project of such a Government, over five and twenty millions people, when four and twenty millions and five hundred thousands of them could neither write nor read: was as unnatural irrational and impracticable; as it would be over the Elephants Lions Tigers Panthers Wolves and Bears in the Royal Menagerie, at Versailles." A few years later he added, "Is there any instance [in history] of a Roman Catholic monarchy of five and twenty millions at once converted into a free and rational people?"

The answer, of course, was No; and so the republican radicals determined to make France free by undertaking the gradual work of liberating it from the Catholic Church. This meant in particular from the Catholic Church's control of education, which had been most recently consolidated, and extended, by the *loi Falloux* of 1850. This law reiterated the place of religion in the elementary school curriculum, empowered the clergy to inspect the schools for orthodoxy,

exempted religious teachers from the certifying power of the state, expelled philosophy and modern history from the classroom, and restricted the budgets and changed the admissions policy—from competitive examinations to nomination by the mayor and parish priest—of the provincial normal schools, the principal recruiting grounds of lay teachers.

Until now the standard historical interpretation has held that the *loi Falloux* signified the quiet disappearance of bourgeois radicalism after the debacle of 1848, and that radicalism reappeared only by accident in 1870, when Napoleon III was surrounded at Sedan by the nation-building, scientifically educated Prussians. Mrs. Auspitz challenges this view by showing that the republican radicals, thrown down from the heights of political power, spent the intervening years busily, indeed lustily, preparing to storm them again; but understanding—finally—that France could never be safely republican until workers, peasants, and bourgeois alike were ready to be citizens. To this end the radicals looked beyond the slogans of *liberté, égalité, fraternité* and borrowed a lesson from Tocqueville: how to use the science and art of association to transform isolated, narrowly self-interested subjects into republican citizens.

Of all the voluntary associations that sprang up in the 1860s and 1870s—chambers of commerce, trade unions, masonic lodges, free trade clubs, popular libraries, animal husbandry circles—the most comprehensive and influential was the *Ligue de l'enseignement*, the League of Education founded by Jean Mace (a tireless *organisateur* and *vulgarisateur*) in 1866 to "encourage education" and to strive "through legal means to change laws and practices incompatible with the freedom of conscience and the equality of citizens." The bulk of Mrs. Auspitz's book traces the ramifying activities of the league as it fought for secular public education in every commune and department, culminating in the great victory of 1881-82, the passage of the *lois Ferry*. The story is told crisply and well, and it is an important story. As Professor Auspitz concludes, it was precisely the battle over public education that forged the "infrastructure of the Third Republic, the cadres patiently but actively preparing themselves to govern."

In short, the success of the Third Republic (it would last until another

German victory overwhelmed it in 1940) was decisively prepared by the patient sowing and weeding of the league. Thanks to its work, republican ideals were at last rooted in republican mores. But the continuing problems of French republicanism, all too visible in the Fourth and even the Fifth Republics, suggest a pathology in those mores that Mrs. Auspitz does not investigate. For the choice posed by both radicals and clerics was between the "ethic of the Revolution," a morality "immanent in man and the consequence of his dignity," and the ethic of "feudal Christianity," based on what Mrs. Auspitz accurately calls hereditary and supernatural "pretensions." This was the very disjuncture Tocqueville had deplored (in *Democracy in America*) as "intellectual squalor." To have ranged on one side "the men who value morality, religion, and order," he wrote, "and on the other those who love liberty and legal equality" is—wrong-headed, unnatural, even impious.

In this respect the bourgeois radicals (as well as the ultramontane bitter-enders) never learned Tocqueville's larger lesson; the *Ligue de l'enseignement* itself remained in need of further education. Although America has its own history of disestablishment battles and of exaggerated tensions between the Free Exercise and Establishment clauses of the First Amendment, it may not

be presumptuous to suggest that instruction on the harmony between religion and human liberty and equality can be had from our example. In America, after all, Tocqueville saw a nation that had been born—and would be baptized—in the faithful knowledge that the "laws of nature and of nature's God" are the foundation of the great proposition "that all men are created equal"; that "the Supreme Judge of the World" may be appealed to for the rectitude of our intentions; that, finally, it is only with "a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence" that a just revolution is to be commenced. For in the Declaration of Independence the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are coordinate with "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor": the pursuit of happiness is held to the standard of the highest human honor which is, of its very nature, open to the divine.

But Mrs. Auspitz can hardly be faulted for slighting America when she has produced a truly outstanding work on the political history of France—a book sure to change accepted interpretations; a book commendable to anyone who is concerned with the relation of religion, education, and free government, or who wonders what sort of mores are essential to the perpetuation of our own political institutions. □

A SUSAN SONTAG READER

Susan Sontag / Farrar, Straus & Giroux / \$17.95

Mitchell S. Ross

Last year Susan Sontag, aesthetic lioness, discombobulated the leftist culturati with a statement of the obvious—to wit, that someone who had read only *Reader's Digest* between the years 1950 and 1970 would have absorbed more truth about the nature of Communism than someone who had read only the *Nation* during the same period. There was booing; much disapproval. Sontag had broken ranks. What all this said about the leftist culturati—that they are more to be honored for their contributions to culture than for their excursions

into politics—wasn't newsy or exciting. But it did serve as a reminder that Susan Sontag has over the years maintained a feline independence from the pack, to which the appearance of this *Reader* bears witness.

Is she your kind of cat? In all candor she isn't really mine. My objections are stylistic, not ideological: Sontag writes like a French intellectual who got drunk on German philosophy at an early age and has done all subsequent writing on a hangover. The writing is so clotted that it's difficult to love.

Mitchell S. Ross is author of *The Literary Politicians and An Invitation to Our Times*.

The first piece here is a long extract from Sontag's first published

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book, a novel called *The Benefactor*. Its narrator is an old man carved out of existentialist cloth. "Sometimes I cannot help pursuing various ideas I have of the character and preoccupations of my readers," he writes. "This weakness I hope to conquer. It is true that the lessons of my life are lessons only for me, suited only to me, to be followed only by me. But the truth of my life is for someone else." The setting is vaguely middle European. The atmosphere is heavy. There are various divagations. *The Benefactor* is an essayist's novel.

In the *Reader Sontag's* basically romantic sensibility, overcoated by that damnable style, unveils itself. She writes "Against Interpretation": "Today is such a time, when the project of interpretation is largely reactionary, stifling. Like the fumes of the automobile and of heavy industry which befoul our urban atmosphere, the effusions of interpretations of art today poison our sensibilities." She would rather submit to the avant-garde forces in her midst, and yet the critic in her pauses. "For myself I plead the goal of self-edification, and the goad of a sharp conflict in my sensibility." This is from the famous "Notes on Camp," in which she confesses, "I am strongly drawn to Camp, and almost as strongly offended by it." Camp never is precisely defined—nor could it be—but the impression left is that Sontag would be happy to throw in her lot with the bad boys and girls if only she could be sure that the ghost of

Immanuel Kant would not excoriate her for doing so. There remains within her a commitment to the seriousness of art, expressed in labored aphorisms such as this one: "Art is seduction, not rape. A work of art produces a type of experience designed to manifest the quality of imperiousness."

This quality can at times manifest itself oddly, as in pornography. "Some pornographic books are interesting and important works of art." "The question is not whether pornography," she quotes Paul Goodman approvingly, "but the quality of the pornography." This is the voice of the naughty Susan of the late sixties—the one who took her "Trip to Hanoi" (none of which is reprinted here) and declared the white race to be the "cancer of human history" (a view subsequently recanted after a personal battle with cancer led Sontag to decry the use of "illness as metaphor").

In the seventies Sontag's search for romance in these hard-nosed times led her to the camera. She called her book about this "On Photography" and pinned down the truth about contemporary man's thrall to the camera's image-making. "Between two fantasy alternatives, that Holbein the younger had lived long enough to have painted Shakespeare or that a prototype of the camera had been invented early enough to have photographed him, most Bardolators would choose the photograph. . . . Having a photograph of Shakespeare would be like having a nail from the True Cross." Too true.

Sontag herself remains an individual with enough angst inside her to touch a roomful of spirits. She isolates the "saturnine" temperament in her essay on Walter Benjamin and seems drawn to the same melancholic mode in the writings of Roland Barthes—to her, the most significant French writer of recent decades. She discerns romantic decadence in Nazism, and sees in sado-masochism the detachment of a culture from its roots. "The color is black, the material is leather, the seduction is beauty, the justification is honesty, the aim is ecstasy, the fantasy is death." This is about as trenchant as Sontag ever gets. Most of the time her consciousness wavers.

She is ambivalent, caught between the *Kultur* of Kant and the culture of Greenwich Village. I only wish she carried her baggage a bit more

lightly, as hers is, all in all, an honest voice. She is confused, but she has a right to be. What honest witness of these days wouldn't be? □

WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD?

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GOOD ADVICE

William Safire and Leonard Safir / Times Books / \$16.95

Theo Lippman, Jr.

I'm not a meteorologist. I'm a weather reporter.
—Willard Scott.

I've never understood the popularity of the weather segments of the network and local television news shows. I don't care about the weather in Indiana, unless I'm going there, and I'm usually not, nor do I care why it is going to be freezing in Baltimore tomorrow, only if it is. But someone must care. Weathermen and weatherwomen are among the stars of broadcasting, invited to lead parades and open shopping centers, and even good newspapers are beginning to devote as much as a full page to weather reports. Some even have weather columnists. With personality.

I mention this only because I also don't care much why a word means something or how it may have been used somewhere else some other time. I care what it means now, when I use it or when I hear or read it. I would have thought most people were the same way. But in recent years columns and articles about the language have been appearing everywhere in mass-appeal newspapers and journals. Usage experts and language reporters are among the stars of journalism. William Safire writes two columns a week about politics for the *New York Times* and its syndicate. He gets maybe a half-dozen letters about a column on a good day. He writes one column a week about language for the *Times* (magazine) and its syndicate. He gets hundreds of letters in response.

What's the Good Word? is a collection of those language columns (the second to appear so far) plus some of that snowstorm of letters.

A typical piece with its reaction and follow-up has to do with the spelling of the word "millennia."

Theo Lippman, Jr. writes editorials for the *Baltimore Sun*.

Safire spelled it "millenia." A reader corrected him and informed him that the singular version of the word had been misspelled with the same single-n error 26 times in an Elizabeth Arden ad.

My reaction at this point should be, so what? Right? You misspelled a word. A copywriter did. You've been corrected. What more is there to say? It's like low pressure fronts over the Plains. Don't tell me about them. Tell me if I need to wear long johns to Memorial Stadium tomorrow.

But Safire hooks you. He also runs a letter from a reader asking if common misspellings become acceptable after awhile. I wouldn't mind knowing the answer, so I read on. Safire reports on a telephone call to David Guralnik, editor of Cleveland's version of Webster's dictionary. Guralnik says spelling does change and wrong spellings do become acceptable. He gives the example of "chaise longue." It means long chair in French. Across the Atlantic many Americans pronounced it and spelled it "chaise lounge." So many did for so long, that advertisers found they best advertise that way. Soon even dictionaries as respected (if permissive) as the New England version of Webster's began to list the phrase that way. Then there is "catalog" for "catalogue."

Safire hung up on Guralnik and called the director of advertising for Elizabeth Arden, Paulette Dufault. She says the misspelling was deliberate, because it was a trademark "and we liked the look of it."

And so on. This dialogue (dialog) prompted letters pointing out that "catalog" was not the result of ignorant error or commerce, but of deliberate spelling reform by Melvil Dewey of Dewey decimal system fame. He liked the look of it.

By the time you've read all this, you've had a painless, actually enjoyable, lesson in how commerce,

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ignorance, logic, dictionaries, pedagogs (pedagogues), and usage relate. That little essay (and it's typical) tells you more about how language really works than half a dozen lectures by the nation's other best-known mass-audience language writer, Edwin Newman—even half a dozen lectures in which Newman is right.

The millenia essay is typical of Safire not just in its informative, reporting style. His well-known breezy, let's-have-pun writing style is also there. (All successful weathermen pun; or haven't you noticed?) But what I most like about it is another way in which it is typical of his language writing. You can see through it or beneath it or behind it, to the writer at work, to how it is done. He's on the phone to high-level sources. What he writes prompts tips and leaks from the ordinary readers who know his column is their best hope of getting their own axes ground, their ideas or knowledge displayed. That's just the way journalism is supposed to work in Washington, where Safire is stationed. That it so often doesn't work that way is another story.

Safire obviously has developed good sources and good relationships on the language beat. At another point in the book, he runs a letter from Guralnik. It begins "Dear Bill." So does a letter from a professor of linguistics at the University of Chicago. So does a letter from an editor of the Second Barnhart Dictionary of New English. So does a letter from the editor of the words magazine *Verbatim*. So does a letter from Jacques Barzun. Safire works his beat as if it were the Pentagon or the House of Representatives.

Of course, one point many letter writers make (and letters make up half the book) is that Safire is unconvincing and in fact *wrong* much of the time. That's the Washington reporter at work, too. The difference is that Safire admits it. But that's another story, too (the same another story, actually). As a general rule, the people who criticize Safire tend to be the Republicans of the usage electorate, which is also two-party. Safire is a lefty in this world if nowhere else, a closet permissivist. He accepted "hopefully" in the hated sense in his last book, and he will accept "ain't" in his next. In this book, he denies being a left-winger in an essay on usage guerrilla Jim Quinn and permissivist guru Dwight Bollinger, but he exposes himself in a criticism of word snob John Simon. The Quinn-Bollinger essay, entitled "language lib," is the best one in the book, and more or less explains why everybody talks about the language

but can't do anything about it.

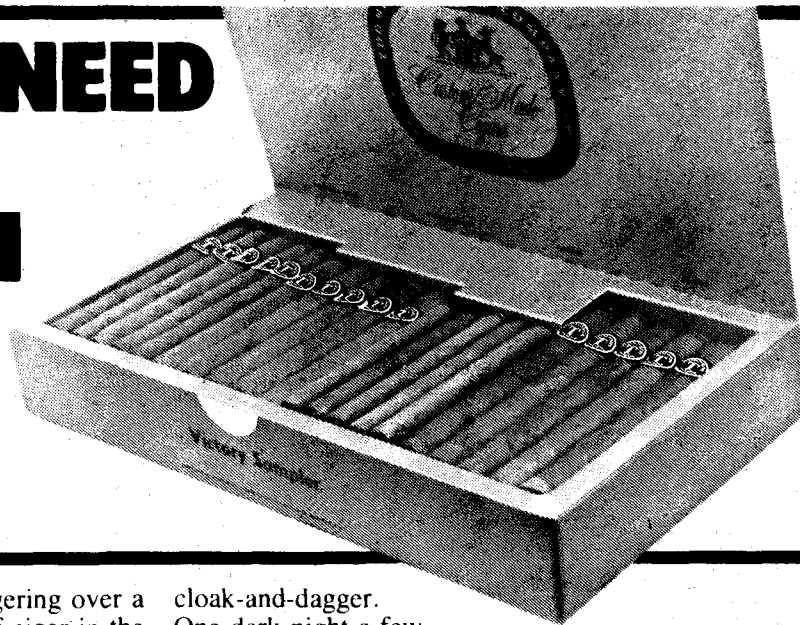
Safire's brother Safir suggested a book of quotations limited to advice. It is a good idea, and *Good Advice* is 362 pages of advice that is "good" in the sense that it is mostly positive, ambitious, and confident. The undertaking itself was ambitious. They

didn't do it the easy way. These are almost all quotations George Will never found in his Bartlett's or Oxford or even his Mencken's *New Dictionary of Quotations*. I did a Gallup-style scientific random sample of 19 quotations. I found only two in other quotation books. I found *no*—repeat *no*—quotations I could identify as having been written by former

speechwriter to the stars, Safire, which shows remarkable self-restraint—or loftiness.

This book has one serious shortcoming. The quotations are not dated or placed. They are out of context and cannot be easily pursued. Good advice to the Safir(e)s: if there's another edition, identify these quotations. □

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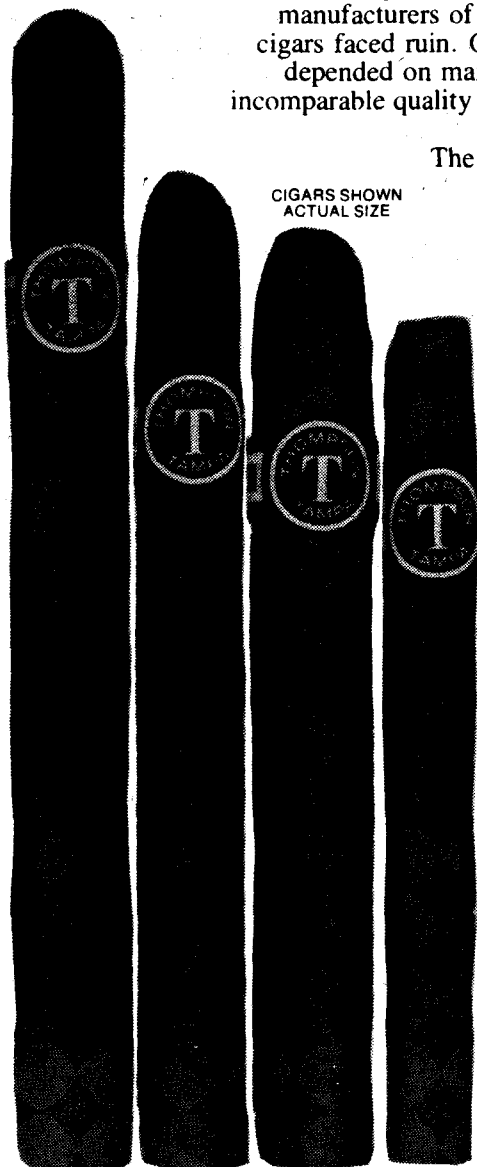
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C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Fail Columbia

"Grading the Columbia Journalism School," an essay by Eleanor B. Goodman in the January 1983 issue of *The American Spectator*, is guilty of many of the same criticisms attached to the school itself.

Goodman has focused the essay on the school's liberal bias, weaving this premise among thin threads of fact and opinion.

As one of the 12 students who, with Goodman, took Pete Johnston's Spring Seminar: "Interpretive Writing of Social Trends," I can wholeheartedly say there was little consensus on much of anything in the seminar. Yes, we debated so-called conservative religions and so-called liberal religions, but one of the

scenes that Goodman related, "The students nod. The professor's word is made flesh," is simply not true. I can think of few comments during the seminar that went unchallenged, undebated and, more often than not, were left unanswered.

And as for Fred Friendly's Media and Society course, Goodman states: "Whatever the case, exercises concerning individual rights did not interest many students." In my opinion, individual rights were of primary motivation. That was why many questions were so controversial and why students grew frustrated at often not finding a clear-cut solution to the many journalistic dilemmas. The seminar pitted our journalistic instincts against our human instincts. The ultimate answer does not come in an upper West-side Manhattan classroom, but must be answered in the newsrooms of Chicago, Akron, Hammond, Dallas, and many other towns in America every day.

The seminar, like the school itself,

taught me little of what to think; it taught me much of how to think, how to ask the right questions, and where to go to find these questions:

Incidentally, the number of students in Columbia's class of 1982 was 166, not the 174 as stated by Goodman.

—Bruce Krasnow
Chicago, Illinois

Eleanor B. Goodman replies:

I was aware before I wrote my critique of the Columbia Journalism School that it would be resented by anyone who has an interest in maintaining the school's fine, though unmerited, reputation. The irony of Mr. Krasnow's response is that he was one of the students who played prominently in my thoughts when I penned the piece. It was he who said, "If the lead isn't pejorative, it's just boring." He seems to apply the same philosophy when writing letters to the editor.

Rather than engage in gainsaying over the quality of debate in the courses Mr. Krasnow mentions (I stand by the facts I recorded), I will let Mr. Krasnow hang by his own thin threads. He is correct: The school does indeed teach its students "how to think, how to ask the right questions, and where to go to find these questions"—wherever two or three are gathered in liberalism's name, there are journalists in the midst of them. That's the whole problem. That's why I wrote the essay.

Incidentally, 174 names comprised the initial class list. The school's commencement program lists 162 graduates. I am glad the toll was no higher.

And thank you for the little list of American cities.

Fraternity Row

I was outraged to read Tod Lindberg call *California Review* an imitator of the *Dartmouth Review* in his intemperate article on "The *Dartmouth Review* and the Campus Right" (*TAS*, January 1983). It has been and continues to be our intention to blaze new trails and boldly go where no conservative journal has gone before. Tod Lindberg is a man careless with words.

I would also like to quibble (if that word is not too strong for Mr. Lindberg) with his assertion that the *Dartmouth Review*, and thereby with invidious association *California Re-*

view, has been extremist and in poor taste. Mr. Lindberg, what the liberals and their radical progeny have done to our educational institutions is the equivalent of raping them. When I see a rapist in action I do not, as I suppose you would, say: "You know, rape has a pernicious effect on a woman, not to mention society as a whole, and a recent survey published in *Public Opinion* magazine says that the majority of people think rape is immoral." I would say: "Avast ye bounder! Prepare to meet thy doom for thy libidinous lack of decorum!" And I would cut off his head with my chivalric sword or my even mightier pen.

These are dark times, my dear Mr. Lindberg, and it takes mean and ugly men like myself to lead the forces of virtue, honor, and the American way. If the scene is all too gory for you, perhaps you should take a position farther from the front.

—H.W. Crocker III
Brigadier Editor
California Review
Del Mar, California

Of all the magazine articles and television broadcasts about the *Dartmouth Review*, I never expected the *Review* to be labeled as "consistently tasteless" by a writer in, of all places, *The American Spectator*. It's about the same as Bill Buckley calling George Bush a preppy or Suzanne Sommers calling Loni Anderson a bleach blonde.

Tod Lindberg, who wrote the attack, is said to be a co-founder of *Counterpoint* at the University of Chicago. He goes to great lengths to point out that the *Dartmouth Review* is not the leader of any movement—in fact, *Counterpoint*, his journalistic baby, is said to have existed one year prior to the *Review*. What does this mean? Is he saying that *Counterpoint* should garner more notice than the *Review* because it was first?

Last year I appeared on a television interview with John Podhoretz, the other co-founder of *Counterpoint* and son of *Commentary*'s Norman. I had barely arrived in the studio when Podhoretz began to whine and ooze about the *Dartmouth Review* this and that and how our escapades were embarrassing "the movement." It's no surprise then that Lindberg, fellow neoconservative now working at Irving Kristol's *Public Interest*, is just as uncomfortable, except now

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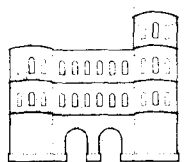
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they've decided that there is no movement. After all, how can there be a movement if they're not leading it?

Just because no one has heard of *Counterpoint*, except as the continuing feature on "Sixty Minutes," doesn't mean Messrs. Podhoretz and Lindberg can't head a movement. Based on their points of contention with the *Dartmouth Review*, Podhoretz and Lindberg could become good taste specialists on campuses around America. I can see it now: the limp wristed good tasting junior neoconservative zionist anti-racist movement.

What with all those punk rockers and Dartmouth Reviewers out there, they could travel from college to college noting, say, ethnic jokes in one place and pro-Arab causes in another. Maybe with a few big grants from foundations, they could start a finishing school whose motto, of course, would be "J'accuse."

And in the end, public nuisances like the *Dartmouth Review* would succumb and print articles on such subjects as "The New Neo-quasi Pseudo Anti-Semitism."

—Keeney Jones
Founder and former chairman
The Dartmouth Review

Tod Lindberg replies:

For those readers who are not personally acquainted with the *California Review* and the *Dartmouth Review*, allow me to present them as personified by H.W. Crocker III and Keeney Jones.

To Mr. Crocker: I'm sorry I didn't catch you before you sallied forth, but I think you should know that if rape is the problem, raping back is not the solution.

To Mr. Jones: As a long-time reader, and, since 1980, a contributor to the *American Spectator*, I am disgusted by your effort to use the *Spectator* to legitimate the *Dartmouth Review*. The publications are not comparable, and the difference is not one of degree but of kind. I trust that readers of the *Spectator*, and of what I quoted from the *Review*, will not allow you to get away with this. I see also that you have strong feelings about neoconservatives: e.g., that Irving Kristol seems, in your view, to be so illegitimate that the mere mention of him as my employer delegitimizes me. I think this is a strange attitude for many reasons, not least because Mr. Kristol is, after all, vice chairman of an organization that gave your journal \$10,000.

But though these authors mean to attack my argument, they themselves provide evidence for the points I made in my essay. I would also ask

readers to take note of the difference between the two letters. The *California Review* goes too far for me, but at least it does not reach the fringe where we find the *Dartmouth Review*.

Grammatical Courage

Mitchell Ross's commentary on John Updike (*TAS*, January 1983) was a competent piece of writing, though not a noteworthy example of literary criticism, since he apparently wished to emphasize the virtues of Updike the sociologist rather than the deficiencies of Updike the artist. . . .

Regarding Mr. Ross's assertion that Updike is "the foremost novelistic chronicler of American mores in our time," I would like to suggest that he is actually among the foremost mediocrities of a very mediocre period in our literary history. If he does not possess the moral courage to purify and elevate his fiction, at least he possesses the grammatical courage to incorporate, successfully, complex sentences into his narratives.

—Sean Warren
Sherman Oaks, California

Hart v. O'Lessker v. Brown

Let me say to begin with that I much appreciate the literate review of my book [*When The Going Was Good*] by Karl O'Lessker in the January issue. I entirely agree with his view that it is a fine book.

However, he has made several serious errors of ascertainable fact, most importantly as regards his theme that the book "does not even mention" the civil rights movement

of the fifties, and makes no mention of the *Brown versus the Board* decision.

Mr. O'Lessker must have been drowsing.

The book tries to set the background of the racial process in the war years of the forties (pages 9 and 10)—and that view was not first put forth in some interview which Mr. O'Lessker vaguely remembers reading somewhere.

Pages 71 and 72 deal explicitly with the *Brown* decision.

Pages 92 and following deal with the significance of Jackie Robinson, and pages 202 and following with the significance of Floyd Patterson as a new sort of Heavyweight champion.

Mr. O'Lessker is certainly entitled to the view that the book does not give enough emphasis to this aspect of the fifties, but it is simply not true that the book does not "even mention" these matters.

—Jeffrey Hart
Hanover, New Hampshire

Karl O'Lessker replies:

Mr. Hart is correct in saying that he

did indeed mention the *Brown* decision of 1954. It was negligent of me to have forgotten it and, worse, not to have seen citation of it in the book's index.

Having now re-read the pages in question I continue to believe that his discussion of the civil rights movement is strikingly inadequate to its importance. His discussion of *Brown*, for example, has nothing to say about the substance of the case but focuses instead entirely on President Eisenhower's reaction to it. And his splendid account of the careers of Jackie Robinson and Floyd Patterson, while certainly recalling the overt racial prejudice of that era, fails to relate their individual triumphs to the broader sweep of the civil rights revolution.

Let me, though, reiterate my admiration for the book and urge you

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- J.M. Purcell, "Eric Gill as a Polemicist."
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CHRISTOPHER DAWSON, May, 1983

This issue is edited by Christina Scott, Dawson's daughter, and the author of the new Dawson biography.

Among the contributors are:

- Chauncey Stillman, the founder of the Chair of Roman Catholic Studies at Harvard University of which Dawson was the first occupant.
- John J. Mulloy, who has edited, among other books, *The Dynamics of World History*, and who was in close touch with Christopher Dawson during Dawson's stay in America.
- Bruno Schiesinger, a close friend of Christopher Dawson and Chairman of the Lilly Foundation for Christian Culture at the University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana.
- J. Ambrose Raftis, C.S.B., the President of the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies at the University of Toronto.
- Neville Braybrooke, a well-known English author and editor.
- E.J. Oliver, biographer, novelist and literary critic.

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to read it at your earliest opportunity. It is as delightful as it is instructive.

In Like Flynn

Anent Vincent Fitzpatrick's deft sifting of *New Individualist Review* (TAS, February 1983), may I be permitted a cleriheh?

John T. Flynn
Was once very in
He has since, alas
Been cut off at the pass.

Mr. Fitzpatrick quotes, among others, Murray Rothbard, but is puzzled at the latter's casual reference to John T. Flynn's incisive exhumation of *The Roosevelt Myth*. It should puzzle no one, however, who has had even the most rudimentary introduction to economics. No writer before or since has been able to wade through the toxic nonsense of the Dismal Science and still remain civilized and coherent. His magnificent *Men Of Wealth*,

alone, says more about historic and world economics than a whole boxcar load of Harvard professors reeling from the virulent whiffs of Keynesian obscenities. And his *Decline of the American Republic* is enough to make an assassin weep.

Even in *The Roosevelt Myth*, a work in which he mainly examines with a cold eye FDR and his scrofulous "kitchen cabinet," he pauses now and then to refute New Deal economic lunacies. I myself have not read the book in some time and so am unable to quote directly by way of example. Suffice it to say that when John T. Flynn touches on his favorite subject it is the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra rescuing Bach from a gang of drug-crazed rock stars.

Mr. Fitzpatrick further suggests the value of reprinting that estimable work. If memory serves, I believe it was originally published in the late

forties and then reprinted in a revised edition by Devin-Adair in 1956. Whether, as Mr. Fitzpatrick hints, it is being suppressed or not, I can't say. Next to the Foucault Pendulum and the mystique of golf, nothing baffles me more than the mystery of why John T. Flynn is not required reading in at least the politer circles.

—Gordon Stevens
Brownstown, Pennsylvania

The Old Corps

Major David Boyd of the Army protests a mite too much in his attempt (TAS, January 1983) to correct William McGurn concerning our "senior" service (*"Semper Fidelis,"* TAS, November 1982). It is, simply, historically inaccurate to say that "the Marine Corps arrived on the scene" in November, 1775, and that Marines "are relative newcomers" among U.S. armed forces. The Continental Congress resolved

on November 10 of that year to raise two battalions of Marines, true, but American Marines had been in combat, afloat and ashore, since at least May 1775 (e.g., aboard Benedict Arnold's *Liberty* in the Lake Champlain action). Commander-in-Chief Washington well understood the role of Marines: he had them aboard the nascent Navy's vessels from Maine to South Carolina several months before that service's "birthday" of October 30, 1775. Military historian Clyde H. Metcalf summed it up: "The marines of several states antedate the Continental Marines; their existence, no doubt, helped to cause the establishment of an organization of marines serving all the colonies."

—Robert Lindsay
Professor of Mass Communication
and International Relations
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minnesota

S P E C T A T O R ' S J O U R N A L

Radio Free Kabul

It is 8:00 p.m. in the Democratic Republic of Afghanistan. In the capital city, Kabul, the streets are patrolled by nervous Soviet Army regulars and their puppets in the ever-diminishing ranks of the Afghan Army. But out in the rugged countryside—up to 90 percent of which is still in the hands of the resistance, according to an estimate cited by Kevin Lynch in a recent *National Review*—Radio Free Kabul is warming up for another night of uncensored news.

"This is the voice of the Afghan *mujahedeen*," begins the local-language broadcast, taped against the background of traditional Afghan music. There is a selection from the Koran with some appropriate commentary, followed by the evening's news feature, which might be anything from an interview with some Solidarity leaders to reports on the deportation of Afghan students to the Soviet Union. Of the other features, one of the more popular is the 15-minute "letter box," during which letters smuggled out of Kabul and various Pakistani refugee camps are read aloud and answered on the air.

Similar to the Radio London programs used with such success by the resistance movements of World War II, Radio Free Kabul has been broadcasting in Afghanistan since October

1981. It owes its existence primarily to two Frenchmen, writer Marek Halter and philosopher Bernard-Henri Lévy. As members of the Paris-based Human Rights Committee, both were acutely aware of the problem of unity among the Afghan *mujahedeen*, or freedom fighters. Today, as a result of their efforts and the assistance of others—including the Soviet exile Vladimir Bukovsky—there are some 11 portable transmitters scattered throughout the Afghan countryside, with programs broadcast in the two main languages of Afghanistan, Dari and Pushto.

At the urging of Bukovsky, each of the 30- to 60-minute broadcasts also includes at the end a 10-minute Russian-language program, designed to bring some uncensored news reporting to the hapless Soviet troops stationed there, many of whom are also Muslims. Andropov and Co. clearly are not amused by such broadcasts, denouncing Radio Free Kabul alternately as a CIA or Zionist front, as well as confiscating radios. "The object of this subversive action, of these broadcasts," said *Izvestia*, "is to consolidate the counter-revolution, to bring disrepute on the political help of the Soviet Union to the Afghan people." With characteristic restraint, TASS refers to the resistance members as "cutthroats and bandits."

Adding to the Kremlin's annoy-

ance over the taped broadcasts made by Russian dissidents like Bukovsky and Vladimir Maximov are the daring plans to establish and operate a Russian-language station on Afghan soil manned by Soviet exiles, all of which serves to demoralize the soldiers occupying the country. This is not all that difficult: the Russian soldier is fighting a war he does not believe in; he has virtually no escape since Pakistan returns Soviet deserters; and the Afghan guerrillas prefer not to take prisoners.

But the *mujahedeen* have their own problems. Of the 11 clandestine stations currently transmitting, one operates on shortwave and the other ten are on the FM band. Simply put, there are not enough FM radios in Afghanistan. RFK committees in Europe have attempted to alleviate this somewhat with the purchase of about 2,000 cheap pocket-sized FM radios in Singapore, but many more are needed. Under the slogan "one Afghan, one radio" they hope to dot the countryside with these receivers.

All this, however, costs money—money the *mujahedeen* do not have. According to Bukovsky, Radio Free Kabul needs at least 36 transmitters to cover all of Afghanistan, at a cost of \$250,000. So far, RFK committees in France, England, and the United States have raised \$50,000, \$7,000, and \$32,000 respectively; more help is needed. "You must remember,"

said one RFK committee member, "this is *total* cost. You can't just mail these things in—they have to be secretly delivered, not always an easy job."

Indeed it isn't. In addition to well-known leaders like Lévy and the Polish-born Halter, president of the Paris Human Rights Committee, various French volunteers have journeyed into Afghanistan to train the *mujahedeen* on the technical aspects in this war of ideas. And this war has its costs: during a Soviet attack on the guerrillas in the Panjshir Valley, two French-trained Afghan technicians were killed, and another was captured.

For Bukovsky, Lévy, Halter, and others, however, the work continues. "In Afghanistan," says Halter, "you have to understand that they have almost no help from the outside. Our help is primarily psychological, and is of great importance. We are the first group to come in and say to the Afghans, 'we are with you.' And the *mujahedeen* need to know this, that they are not alone in their struggle. For many, that is the most important thing."

—William McGurn

Contributions to Radio Free Kabul may be sent in care of Freedom House, 20 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018. Checks should be clearly earmarked "Radio Free Kabul."

EDITORIAL
(continued from page 6)

some lives, jogging, playing tennis, walking their thoroughbred horses, maintaining careful diets. In this age of mass hypochondria surely every thinking American is aware of the prevalence of obesity. Even a dangerously high percentage of our poor are fat. What is often ignored is that America has a higher percentage of skinny rich people than any other country on earth. Many look ghastly.

The super rich arguably receive the worst medical care in the Republic. All insist on seeing only the most eminent specialists. The specialist knows about the disease in question. He is a genius at research, lecturing, and collecting awards; but his clinical experience has recently been exiguous. When he peers onto the recumbent body of some mogul, often he is overawed. Extraneous concerns distract him, for instance: the enormous malpractice suit that awaits one false move. He performs badly. Furthermore few rich people ever employ a simple family doc to oversee the swarms of specialists, and soon the patient is as full of drugs as a corner pharmacy or a rock star. Finally, forget not the rich person's tendency to resort to arrant quacks.

Then too there are the outright criminals who prey upon the rich, some with violent deeds, others with shameless swindles. Vivid is my melancholy memory of a rich friend whose daily drive to the office was always shrouded in the fear that some fortune hunter would fling a household pet into the path of his Cadillac as he drove through an impoverished neighborhood. Then the ambulance chaser would move in.

Fortunately in recent years the rich have been able to display their wealth more nonchalantly. With the spread of affluence or at least profligacy, Cadillacs and furs turn up in the meanest neighborhood. Such con men as worried my friend (now deceased) are as likely as not to fall upon a radically impecunious Cadillac driver, defended by a savage Legal Services lawyer, and without clear title to his Cadillac anyway.

Enormous hypocrisy informs our treatment of the rich. The learned Ben Stein in his book about Hollywood, *The View from Sunset Boulevard*, tells us that screenwriters and their bosses purposely portray the rich as contemptible and vicious. The press shows them in the same light as often as possible; though they ooh and ah over the riches of entertainers and professional athletes, and they adore celebrity. The rich businessman can only get an admiring press

when he makes an expensive fool of himself at some fashionable dump like New York City's Xenon. It is when he gets back to his desk and starts working that the press again grows suspicious: what deals are being cut? what shoddy merchandise is being produced? how about those mergers?

The most scandalous treatment of the rich comes from the clergy. All

the great churches are beholden to the rich, yet what man of the cloth ever has a good word for them? They preach that affluence is the root of all evil, but they urge that the rich make the poor affluent. They tell us that Jesus loved the poor best, and insist that America end the poor's poverty. What kind of spiritual advice is this? They oppose their own prescriptions for sainthood.

The truth, of course, is that it is as senseless today for us to scorn the rich as it was in times past to scorn the poor. Furthermore, having listened attentively to the liberal Democrats' harangues for years, I have come to the conclusion that by rich they mean anyone earning the median income for the standard family of four who has avoided a stretch in Attica. □

Would YOU Buy the Gospel from this Man?

There are men like this running around all over the country. And they're multiplying. They have something to sell. They call it "Jesus Christ." But we suspect they're also peddling intolerance and fear and middle class smugness and indifference to the poor.

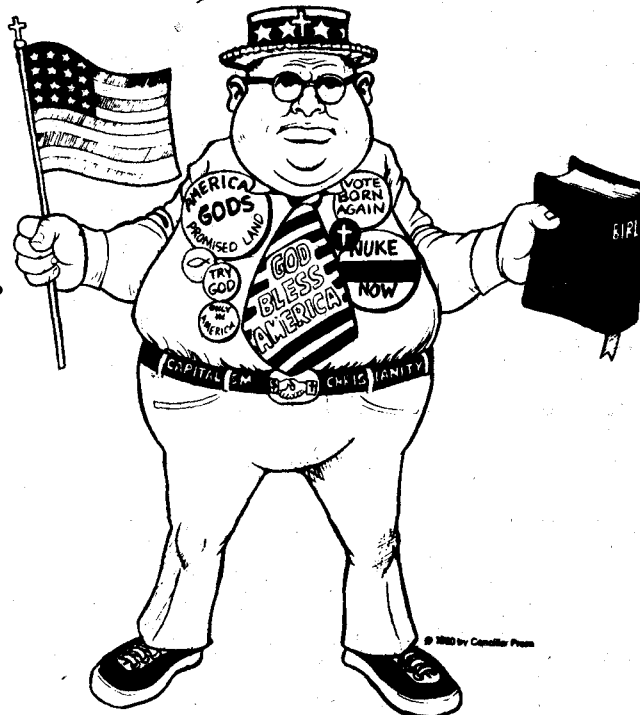
Their message is actually very beguiling. They tell us the Bible is our only rule of faith and practice. Then they flatter us by telling us that America is the "New Israel," God's Chosen Land. But have you noticed that they can't quote Scripture when they preach about America as the Promised Land? They don't because *it isn't in Scripture*.

They tell us America can be prosperous and mighty again—if we repent.

To everyone they promise something—be it health or riches or popularity or job promotions or better sex lives. *If you repent.* "Love God," they say. But not for God's sake. Rather, for your own sake.

They tell us that God is sovereign—but have you noticed how they turn God Almighty into man's slave? "Cheap grace" is what it is.

As seductive as this new discount gospel is, it is—we fear—not *the* gospel. And it's about time that—in all sincerity and



charity—someone say so. **If you're fatigued with "Me" Christianity**, maybe it's time for you to investigate the NEW OXFORD REVIEW. We don't have any gimmicks, just the old, old gospel—the gospel of the apostles and Fathers and saints and martyrs and bishops and fools for Christ. The unchanging faith. The faith of the ages.

Sure, we publish a magazine. But before getting into that, this warning: **it sometimes hurts to die to self and grow in grace.**

The NEW OXFORD REVIEW isn't for everyone. But if you're up to being challenged by the historic faith, maybe you are for the NEW OXFORD REVIEW. And maybe it would be good for you to hear from our writers—people like Isabel Anders, Robert Coles, Peter E. Gillquist, Thomas Howard, Kathryn Lindskoog, Juli Loesch, Paul C. Vitz, and Robert E. Webber.

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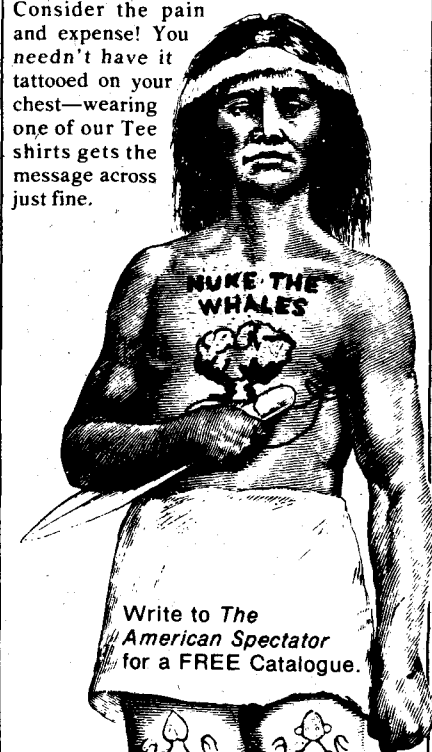
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C U R R E N T W I S D O M

Village Voice

An artsy-craftsy achievement of the first water as reported in the culture pages of the incomparable *Village Voice*:

Having just spent an amazingly tenacious full year living continuously outdoors in New York City, Chinese artist Tehching Hsieh finally strolled in from the streets. His well-publicized performance piece began at 2 p.m., September 26, 1981, when he vowed "I shall not go into a building, subway, train, car, airplane, ship, cave, tent. I shall have a sleeping bag."

... After a few minutes indoors the Taiwan conceptualist, who previously gained notoriety for staying in an 11x9x8-foot cage for one year (1978-79), and before that for an event in which he punched a time clock every hour for one year (1980-81), emerged to pose again for photographers and answer additional queries.

... Following are excerpts from some of Hsieh's answers:

- He took only three showers during the whole 12 months.

- Only sick once (a cold between spring and summer), he was, however, very uncomfortable on particularly low sub-freezing nights.

- Certain chefs in several Chinatown restaurants understood what he was doing and served him outside their kitchen door.

- Not everyone he encountered was friendly, which resulted in four or five fights.

- The only time he broke his vow was when police arrested him for assault and put him in jail for 15 hours last May.

- Any money needed was gotten from subletting his loft plus a little help from parents.

- Severe cold affected his dreams so that on a few occasions he thought he had given up and gone inside only to wake up and find he hadn't.

- Asked whether he abstained from sex for a full year, Hsieh started to motion with his hands in a way that seemed to indicate a "no." Then he stopped and said, "I do not wish to answer this question."

[October 5, 1982]

The Nation

Miss Amy Wilentz begins another of the esoteric rambles that render the *Nation* such a goof-ball delight:

The causes of epidemics are often hotly disputed, but there has been little disagreement about the cause of the recent outbreak of venereal herpes: sexual promiscuity. But I've heard one theory explaining its origins that seems to fit better with the spate of fearful, wild-eyed publicity the disease has been receiving, most notably in the August 2 cover story of *Time* magazine.

The explanation goes as follows: A few years after the war in Vietnam was called off, the disease began rearing its blistered head with more than the usual frequency on the home front. Herpes simplex virus #2, the little devil that causes

genital herpes, was rampant in Southeast Asia at the time of the war. Thus, the American troops picked it up during their incursions into Vietnamese culture and brought it back stateside.

This story flows right into *Time*'s article, in which the disease becomes the latest Red scare. Like Communism, herpes is spread through association.

[October 2, 1982]

The Daily Californian

More gloomy news served up by a prophet who has been taking it on the chops for 6000 years:

"Africans in America have no choice but to ask for reparations," said Barbados revolutionary leader Pankhoy Ladeppoo Salankey on campus Monday. Salankey's stop in Berkeley was part of a tour to bring attention to upcoming International Tribunal on Reparations for Black People in the U.S.

Salankey said he considers the destruction of African culture to be the greatest crime in human civilization. "It makes the Holocaust look like child's play," he said.

The tribunal, which will be held in New York City on Nov. 13 and 14, will document incidents of black oppression and seek at least \$400 billion in reparations from the United States government and major financial institutions, according to Salankey. "This is not a mock trial, it's very real."

Immediately after the tribunal, a committee will be set up to distribute any reparations, Salankey said.

[November 10, 1982]

Unitarian Universalist World (Supplement)

A stupefying ratiocination culled from a sermon by Dr. Philip Zwering, sublime and preposterous at the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles:

Who are the demons? Let us ask questions. Who built and used the first atomic weapon? Who built the first hydrogen bomb? The answer, we did. Ask who, today, feels surrounded by 365 hostile military bases along its borders? The answer must be the Soviet Union. Ask which country deploys most of its armed forces along its own borders, and the answer is the Soviet Union. Then ask which country deploys its arms and its soldiers in 2,000 bases around the world. The answer is we do.

The first part of any ceremony of exorcism is to name the demons. And today we must name them. They are Imperialism, and they are Capitalism. And *their day is done*. Let us not be distracted any more by theories of foreign devils. Let us say, "Let the Russians come, let the Mexicans come, let the Salvadorans come, and let us live in peace together." Let us look, not at the Soviet Union, but at Skid Row; not at El Salvador, but at County Hospital. Let us look at what we must do; let us raise a new cry. Let us say that we are coming, that change is coming.

[September 15, 1982]

The Christian Century

The sadly unaccompanied Dr. Donald L. Berry, professor of philosophy and religion at Colgate University, unveils the theological desiderata for post-macho America:

What we need is a proper "theology of the finite." The signal for such a theology is Tom Driver's reflective getting in touch with his body while sitting in the bathtub. . . .

[September 29, 1982]

The Boston Globe

Another of the mysterious episodes of Camelot: Teddy vamooses from the 1984 race and the venerable *Globe* lands him in the Greatness Sweepstakes:

"I'm honored to serve the people of Massachusetts." It was one of many statements that rang with the authenticity of honest passion. For stepping aside from the swirl, for choosing a course that might disappoint some and for following his own principled path, Ted Kennedy has become a candidate for greatness.

[December 2, 1982]

Rolling Stone

The trouble with the guys as seen by the gals and reported by Mr. William Greider:

Little boys like to play with guns and so do grown-up men. In psychological terms, the appealing connection between rockets and men's own bodies is obvious. Joseph Herzberg, a Washington psychiatrist who studies the psychology of politics, explained the Pentagon's importance to men: "Men are very anxious about their bodies and the integrity of their bodies, their body strength. Men do suffer castration anxieties. That translates into the desire for a strong defense."

[August 19, 1982]

The News-Times

The thought of Walter Cronkite, fashioned into exquisite prose by Mr. Michael Swift singing in the correspondence section of Danbury, Connecticut's famed *News-Times*:

Now Reagan has come. Now the plague has come to these shores. Now the plague has come as cynics foretold. The vision of unspoiled paradise is gone to ashes. A child's pure dream of America is annihilated.

Cruel men heartlessly rule over the trembling, frightened masses. The poor and humble are left naked in the mean streets while oily fat monsters in Palm Beach and Palm Springs salute their aging, but still virulent toy soldier with vintage wines.

I weep for America and her people: the black, now completely without hope, suffocating in the barb-wired ghettos; women, whose bound feet are being nailed to a pedestal of guilt far removed from masculine sight; gays, soon to be extinguished in the All-American version

of Old World death camps; the aged, left to languish in seedy, lonely city rooms away from the insulated luxury of suburbia.

I weep for the weak and sensitive who have no place in this brutal scheme obscenely hatched by crude Sunbelt millionaires, hillbilly preachers, Old South senators, all of them determined to snuff out the democracy they have always despised deep in their polyester souls.

And I weep for the hungry children who will not learn and who will remain savage, and if taught, taught only further savagery by a plutocracy of Neanderthals.

I weep for this country and its vanished nobility of spirit.

—Michael Swift
Brookfield Center

[September 18, 1982]

Harvard Magazine

Particles of an irenic yawp that appeared in the venerable *Harvard Magazine*, possibly during a printers' strike:

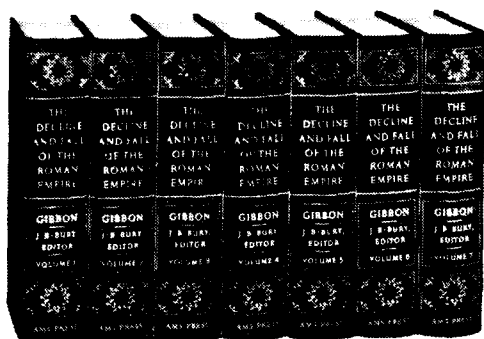
The cry
Dedicated to Jonathan Schell

No pulsations
of passionate rhetoric suffice
in this time in this time this time
we stammer in stammering dread or
parched, utter silence from
mouths gaping to "Ayyy!"—this time when
in dense fog groping
groping or simply standing
by mere luck balanced still on the
swaying aerial catwalk of survival
we've approached the last the last choice:
shall we we and our kindred we and
the sibling lives, animal, vegetable,
we've lorded it over, the powers we've taken in thrall,
waters, earths, airs,
shall they shall we by our own hand
undo our being, their being,
erase is and was
[September-October 1982]

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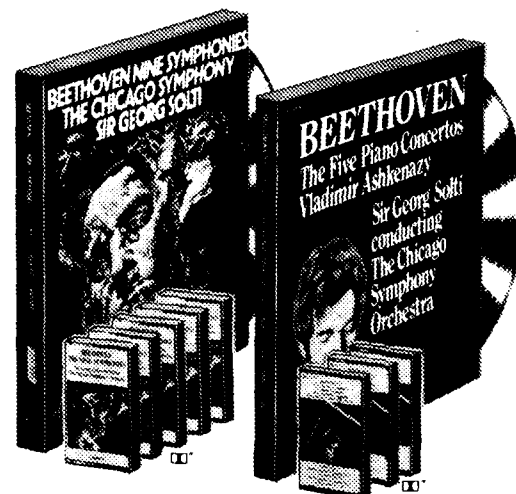
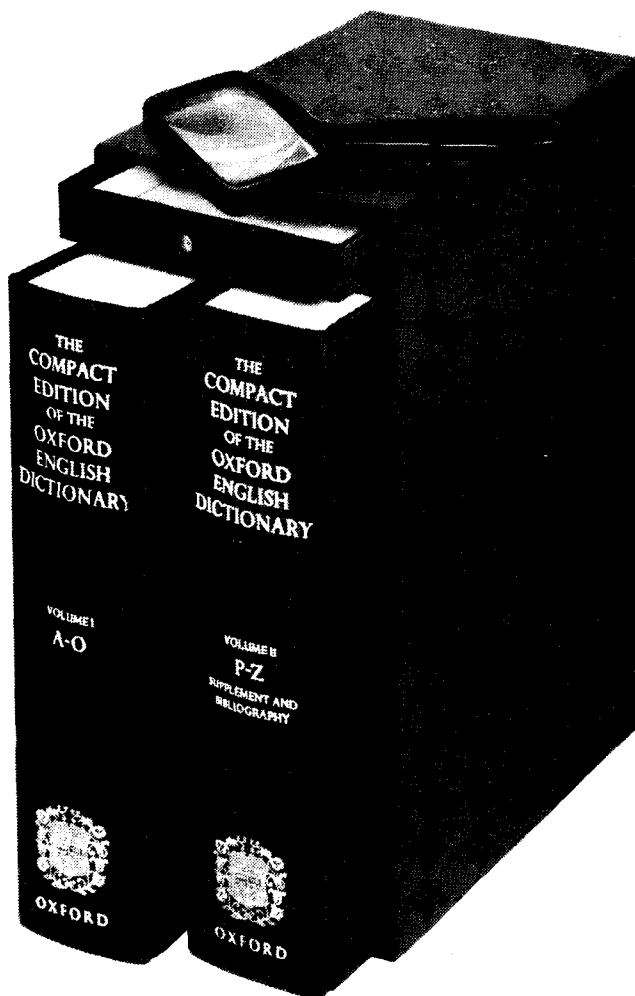
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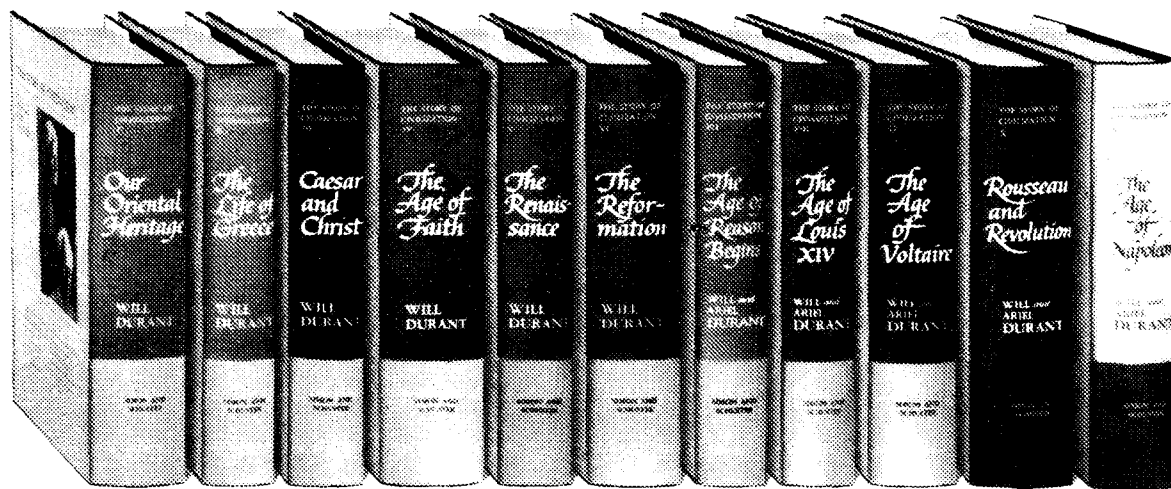
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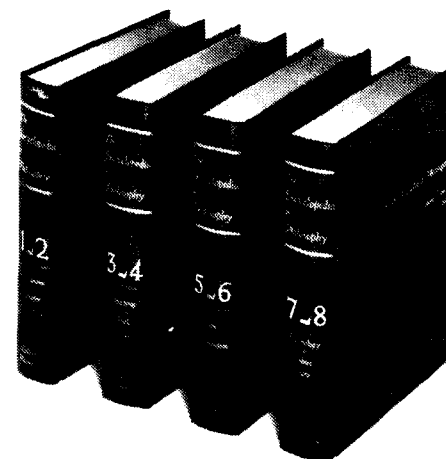


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